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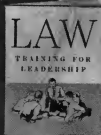
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QUICK CASH Gents with scuba gear and the fare to Africa can go skin-diving for a new-found treasure-trove of \$490,-000,000 in diamonds. Just-discovered diamond field is in the Atlantic sea bed, just off Southwest Africa . . . Chances are if you take a girl out for a night on the town in the next few months, you'll find an extra \$4-5 in your pocket the next morning. Explanation: nightspot-owners, who've lost a lot of their expense-account customers, are now buttering up the boy-girl groups with soft lights, sweet music, lower tabs . . . Firestone, Colorado, (25 mi. north of Denver) will give you a free building lot for home or business, on improved streets with all utilities. All you have to do is promise to build within a reasonable period . . . If you're a bright boy you'll figure out a way to make a fast buck out of the 4000 World War I doughboy helmets the City of New York is selling for peanuts . . . There's real gold to be made in setting up a guide service for foreign visitors to the U.S.A. (there will be over 100,000 more of 'em this year than last); but you gotta know the languages . . . Some people can't resist a contest—even if they're bound to lose. One TV station offered 25 words or less to anybody who sent in \$500. They got two \$500 checks . . . When you get married, you give Uncle in the Striped Hat an automatic "wedding present" of \$18-25 (That's excise taxes of about \$15 for the engagement ring, \$2.50 for the wedding band, \$3 for the honeymoon suitcase.) . . . You don't have to be an artist to make money in the new art boom; if you have the purely mechanical knack of copying Old Masters you can sell all you turn out at \$35-100. (The art dealers vend 'em for as much as \$150.) . . . Stop over at the Monte Carlo Hotel in Miami Beach for seven days and they slip you the keys to a 1963 compact car . . .

THE BIG PAYDAY Demand—and salaries—for helicopter jockeys are zooming; within five years, they'll be averaging \$400 a week—more than most airline pilots. Reason: whirlybirds are being used for more and more tasks—surveying, laying power and pipe lines; short-hopping freight, ferrying executives. One Chicago outfit just started advertising products by flashing pictures on a huge screen in the sky—hung from a helicopter . . . Lots of guys overlook fabulous pay drawn by school janitors. Many earn more than teachers—as high as \$9500-10,000, in the larger school systems. One janitor in Massachusetts makes more than everybody but the principal. And all it takes is general handyman skills . . . If you're a TV repairman, go learn Greek, and in five to eight years you'll write your own ticket overseas with the upcoming Greek TV network . . . There's a move on to start a national "Dropouts Anonymous," with ex-delinquents persuading teenagers not to quit high school . . .

(Continued on page 38)



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Two Frenchmen were flirting with the cutie-pies outside a Paris cafe when they saw two women coming toward them arm in arm.

"Oh, my God!" cried one in alarm. "That's my wife and my mistress!"

"Your wife and mistress!" cried the other. "I was about to say the very same thing!"

• • •

One guy we know, as a joke, advertised for a wife in a personal column. He got over 400 replies, most of them which said: "Take mine."

• • •

A worried mother whisked her too frisky teenage daughter to a head shrinker. During the first consultation, the doctor asked:

"Are you troubled by indecent thoughts?"

"Goodness, no," replied the girl. "I rather enjoy them."

• • •

A girl's attractiveness begins when she becomes too big for her sweaters and ends when she becomes too big for her britches.

• • •

A school kid in Czechoslovakia was once questioned by a Soviet school inspector during the Stalin era.

"Who is your father?"

"The incomparable Stalin."
"And who is your mother?"
"The incomparable Soviet Union."
"That's very good. And now, what would you like to be when you grow up?"
"An orphan."

• • •

How many people would agree that a clear conscience is often a matter of a bad memory?

• • •

A pretty girl who loses at strip poker has one consolation: the more she loses the more she has to show for it.

• • •

Joe: How is a woman like a prize-fighter?

Moe: She won't play the game until she sees the ring.

• • •

The reason girls do things today their mothers wouldn't think of doing is precisely because their mothers didn't think of doing them.

• • •

Ted: How was your date yesterday?
Ed: Not bad. I took her on a picnic.
Ted: Well, what was she like?
Ed: Oh, she's strictly the down-to-earth type.

A racehorse is unique among four-footed animals because it is trained to take thousands of people for a ride at the same time.

• • •

A man who was curious to find out if there was any truth to the traveling salesman jokes deliberately got his car stuck in the mud in a rainstorm along a country road. Then he knocked at the first farmer's house he saw.

"I can give you a room," said the farmer, "but I ain't got no daughter."

"Oh, well, then, how far is it to the next farmer's house?"

• • •

Men who have money to burn have started many a young girl playing with fire.

• • •

When a businessman returned to the office with a deep tan after his vacation, his secretary asked how he enjoyed it.

"Well, this friend of mine invited me to stay in his secluded cabin in the mountains for good hunting and fishing. Free of the night life for a while —no liquor, no parties, no dames. What a life!"

"Sounds great. Did you catch anything?"

"Who says I went?"

• • •

A taxpayer is a person who doesn't have to go through a civil service exam to work for the government.

• • •

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The Teller: Harry Leslie, Jr., Boston, Mass.
The Time: September 24, 1955
The Adventure: I WENT ON A BINGE WITH A CORPSE

It could only have happened to a wild young kid. And certainly that's what I was in those days.

At that time, I was a Seaman 2/c in the Navy, stationed out at the Charlestown Navy Yard. To be perfectly frank, I was waiting out the end of my enlistment, which was due in about six months. You can bet that when I went on leave with my friend Bernie Callahan and a couple of other buddies, things got pretty lively. Not that we were bad kids. We always kept away from the rough places around Scollay Square. As Bernie used to say, "I'm a lover, not a fighter." And that went pretty much for me too.

But there were certain Back Bay taverns and bowling alleys that kept going mainly on the contributions of a couple of gobs named Leslie and Callahan. On the night this story takes place, we were taking aboard a full cargo of beers in a place I'll call The Shamrock (that wasn't its name).

A friendly older man with gray hair struck up the conversation with us. Naturally, he'd been in the Navy—and we had to re-live his whole Navy career, scene by scene. He really took a shine to Bernie and me.

"You know," he said, "I like you boys. I'm going to take you to the best damn party in town."

We were willing. The night was still young. We all crammed into a cab and headed for the poorer sec-

tion of South Boston. The party was in a third floor walkup apartment, and things were really humming. In the front room, people were singing old Irish songs and the booze and the tears were flowing like the Mississippi at flood time. We were introduced to the party-giver—a man name Charlie—I never did get his last name.

"Listen boys," said our host, "I'm going to introduce you to our guest of honor."

He grabbed a bottle of scotch and took us into a back room, which was rather dark, with a couple of candles burning. The man on the bed was a fellow about 45 or 50—and he was out like a light. Nevertheless, Bernie and I started nipping at the scotch. As a gag, we carried on a conversation with the knocked-out guy on the bed. Finally, Bernie got the bright idea that maybe a little hooch would revive the gentleman. He started prying the fellow's mouth open—when our host busted in hollering like mad.

"Hey boys," he said reprovingly, "Have a little respect for the dead. Haven't you ever been to a wake before?"

Bernie and I hopped the next cab to the Navy Yard, completely sobered, our tails dragging. From that time on I advise everybody: don't get drunk at all—but if you have to, don't do it with a corpse. It gives you the damndest hangover.

The Teller: John Olsen, Davenport, La.
The Time: July 3, 1960
The Adventure: I REALLY LICKED MY WEIGHT IN WILDCATS

As my friend, Fred Thurman, the animal expert, says, "Wildcats aren't really big—they just come on big." Most of them weigh no more than 40-50 pounds—but when you're dealing even with one of them, your best offense is to run like the devil.

My friend Fred, for whom I worked briefly, had a traveling show for a while which he called Professor Thurman's Acrobatic Wildcats. We travelled the smaller towns of Canada—most big theaters thought the act was too risky and wouldn't book us.

Generally, Fred put on his show inside a big, collapsible cage. He had those five wildcats so well trained that he could make them do somersaults, swing from a trapeze, even build a pyramid. Fred was always trying to persuade me to learn how to manage the cats. One day he put across the clincher.

"Listen, John," he said, "I've got something that will make it perfectly safe for you."

He dragged out some hunks of sheet steel that he strapped onto me so that I looked like a medieval knight in armor. There was a breast plate, leg irons, even steel mittens. The only place I wasn't protected was in the back. I pointed this out to Fred, but he said, "Just don't let 'em get behind you. Snap your whip to keep 'em in line. You'll be all right; I'm right outside the cage ready to help out."

So, reluctantly, I went in with those five snarling king-size kittens. They wouldn't perform for me. All they did was show their teeth and claw at my whip.

Then it happened. One of them got the end of the whip wound around his paw and yanked it out of my hand. Then they were all after me, circling.

"Take it easy, John," said Fred. "I'm coming inside." But at that moment, the latch of the cage decided to get stuck. Fred yanked and pulled and finally had to give up and run off to get some tools to break in. He hollered something encouraging at me, but at the time I was too busy to pay attention.

For, at that moment, the cats had me backed up against the cage bars, and were taking turns jumping at me. They weren't making any dent in my all-steel pants, but I knew that if they got at my unprotected head, I was a goner.

Then, all of a sudden, I got mad. Who did these felines think they were? I started swinging on them. Those steel mittens landed a couple of times hard on their soft bellies. The two who got hit slunk away to the opposite end of the cage. Then I did something dangerous: I charged the other three, exposing myself from behind. But I clobbered two of them on the chops and sent them howling in retreat. The fifth cat was just about to jump on my unprotected back when I spun around and hit him with a haymaker.

Then, good old Fred Thurman got back and managed to get into the cage. He seemed more worried about his cats than me. That afternoon when he put on his show, he introduced me as "a guy who can really lick his weight in wildcats."

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AVAILABLE STEREO OR HI-FI

They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. At 13, he quit school to support his family. But he never gave up his dream of becoming an artist.

Although he was working 12 hours a day, he began to study art at home in his spare time. At 22 he was earning \$500 a week as a commercial artist. Dorne rose higher and higher—until he became probably the most fabulous money maker in the history of advertising art.

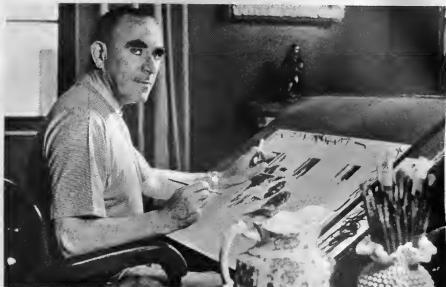
Dorne's "rags-to-riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school when he was 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan. Robert Fawcett, known as "the illustrators' illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs once lived in a cold-water flat, now has a magnificent contemporary home over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others

In 1946 these men met with six other famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, and John Atherton.

Dorne outlined to them a plan for sharing their good fortune with others. Dorne pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent... no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the modern methods of visual training. They made over 5,000 drawings especially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw his



ALBERT DORNE—one of the top money makers in commercial art. From window of his luxurious studio high above New York, Dorne can see the slums where he once lived.

"glamour girls." Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually draw, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding.

School is launched; students succeed

Thus was born the Famous Artists Schools—whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in the history of art teaching. Today the School has thousands of active students in 62 countries. The twelve famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still run it and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

John Buskett is a good example. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled. Now a fashionable New York Gallery exhibits and sells her paintings.

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a big automobile company—by showing his work with the School. Now he helps design new car models.

A great-grandmother in Ohio decided to study painting in her spare time. Recently, she had her first "show," where she sold thirty water colors and five oil paintings. Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied art at night. Today he is a successful advertising artist, earns seven times as much... and is having a new home built for his family.

"Where are tomorrow's artists?"

Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs."

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them do have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art... if we can only find them."

Unique art talent test

To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged \$1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have hidden art talent? Simply mail coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation.

Famous Artists Schools Studio 5869, Westport, Conn.

I would like to find out whether I have art talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

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NORMAN ROCKWELL—this best-loved American artist left school at 15.

BOLD CHALLENGE TO THE USSR: OUR NEW UNDERSEAS AIR FLEET

by **DON KNIZE**

No idle dream but a drawing-board reality
is America's super-squadron of bomber-pilots.

Sub-launched from 60 feet below the
Atlantic they will fly undetected to
enemy cities. This will make any act of
WW III aggression pure suicide.

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE





OUR NEW UNDERSEAS AIR FLEET...

LESS than a month before the Allied landings in Normandy in June 1944, three German warships met at a secret rendezvous in the South Atlantic some 1,800 miles from the nearest land. Two were Hitler's biggest U-boats out from the reinforced concrete pens on the Bay of Biscay. The third was a fast supply-ship. Just before dawn the cargo winches on the floating "mother" vessel began to lower food, ammunition and diesel fuel into the submarines. It was thought to be a routine, safe operation. The Nazis knew that few shore-based planes could sweep out this far, that most Allied hunter-killer groups were busy pursuing the Third Reich's "wolf packs" up north.

At 6:40 A.M., all that changed abruptly. Suddenly

there was a mounting buzz on the horizon, and a small black dot appeared against the blinding glare of the early morning sun. Startled, the Germans ran to man their anti-aircraft batteries. But the dot refused to cooperate. It dove down to within a few yards of the waves, roared closer with the thunder that could only come from a multi-engine plane.

"Where did the *schwein* come from? Where?" demanded the skipper of the U-121 bitterly.

Those were the last words he ever spoke on that vessel, for a few seconds later the rapidly closing aircraft flipped in a high-speed torpedo that blasted the U-121 to the bottom. The same plane hit the supply ship with a pair of 250-pound bombs that wrecked the steer-



ing gear, started a major blaze in the stern fuel tanks and destroyed the mother's main battery of 5.9 inch guns.

The other submarine escaped with only four dead and nine wounded. As the twin-engine aircraft raced away, its radio operator tapped out an alert that soon had two British light cruisers racing to the scene. Before nightfall, the 8,600-ton German supply ship *Otto Mannheim* was sinking from dozens of shell-holes punched into her hull by the Royal Navy.

The airplane that caused all this grief for Hitler's fleet was Free French, and it had been launched from one of the most unusual carriers afloat. In fact, the carrier was not afloat but *submerged* most of the time. It was an im-

mense 3,000-ton submarine, then the largest undersea boat in the world and the forerunner of new types of submarines that may dramatically revolutionize naval warfare.

Today, engineers and marine designers on both sides of the Iron Curtain are working on an amazing underwater fleet that may spell the end of surface armadas forever.

"With the increasing use of nuclear power-plants for submarines and the continuously improving types of streamlined hulls becoming available," one senior scientific consultant at the Pentagon declared in March 1963, "there are practically no limits to the kinds of underwater craft we can expect (Continued on page 40)

MISSION FOR MURRAY'S COMMANDOS:

KNOCK OUT 'CYCLOPS'

SAVE THE ANZIO

by Sam Shalotte





LANDING

They told the Yank frogman to break up the Nazi transmitter in a lighthouse guarding the Tyrrhenian Sea. But they didn't tell him what else was stashed there—a dozen fiery signorinas and the liveliest bordello this side of La Dolce Vita.

AS the German patrol boat hove to, three shadowy figures slipped overboard on the blind side of the Italian fishing trawler and ducked under the curving wooden hull. The date was 22 January 1944, the hour 0030, the place the Tyrrhenian Sea; about a mile or two offshore Ponza, largest of the island group known as the *Isole Pontine*.

The German searchlights played across the trawler's deck, catching a still-life, motionless frieze of Italian fishermen, masts, booms, hatches, lines. On the prow of the German patrol boat, a squad of *Kriegsmarine* waited with *Schmeisser* machine-pistols at the ready.

"We are just fishermen returning from three days at sea," the Italian skipper called out, finally, breaking the silence. "We want to put in at Ponza."

There was no reply. Grappling hooks secured and a gangplank laid, the *Kriegsmarine* boarded the Italian craft and made a meticulous search. They checked the skipper's cabin, crew's quarters, engine compartment, even shone flashlights into the bilge sections. They peered into all storage areas, opened closets

(Continued on page 44)

WANTED

Marquette—butchered
an Oregon housewife.

WANTED

Young—psycho rapist,
escaped from asylum.

WANTED

Di Biase—fled, and hid
out from murder rap.

WANTED

Cole—killed a cop in
a Cal. tavern hold-up.

WANTED

Russell — jumped bail
after assault charge.

HOW THE FBI NABS ITS “TEN MOST WANTED”

Of 177 rapists, crooks and killers put on the Feds' "Big List" since its inception a dozen years ago, only 13 are still at large. If things go true to form, even they may soon be stumbling up to the nearest cop—nerves cracked and begging to be put away.

WANTED

18

Cindle—held up Kan-
sas inn with shotgun.

WANTED

Karpis — kidnapped
boy, asked \$100,000.

WANTED

Normandin — gun-
fought cops in Mass.

WANTED

Brletic — crossed state
line after Mont. heist.

WANTED

Smith—engineered big
break from Wisc. jail.

ON A beautiful day early in June, 1961, a debauched bum named Richard Laurence Marquette murdered a 23-year-old Portland, Oregon housewife with a keen-edged hatchet, chopped off her head and hacked her body to pieces in the most grisly orgy of human butchery in the annals of West Coast crime.

After disposing of the head and several parts of the corpse in various sections of the city Marquette, for reasons known only to himself, stored the remainder in his own home refrigerator and froze it into a solid chunk of meat.

On the following morning he was suddenly gripped by the fear of getting caught. He walked out to U.S. 99 with a few dollars in his pocket and thumbed a ride on a tank truck rumbling southward.

Marquette had succeeded in hitch-hiking across the Mexican border by the 8th of June, three days later, when the severed hand of a woman was discovered in a culvert in southeast Portland.

By nightfall having learned that a particularly sadistic killer was on the loose, women throughout the city were in a state of hysteria.

By nightfall, too, detectives of the homicide squad found several additional pieces of the victim's body, established her identity by fingerprint comparisons and were questioning people in her neighborhood about suspicious-looking characters possibly seen loitering near her home.

Since the word "suspicious" is somewhat vague and subject to interpretation by individual citizens it is understandable that half a dozen strangers were described to the detectives as the probable murderer. One of them was Marquette. It took a few days to narrow down to him as the most likely prospect.

When part of a frozen female carcass was found in his refrigerator any vestige of doubt was dispelled. The hunt for him was on throughout the state.

It soon seemed logical to local authorities that Marquette had taken off for unknown parts far beyond Oregon and they requested the assistance of the FBI.

G-men joined in the search, authorized by a 1934 statute which makes it a Federal violation for a suspect against whom local process is outstanding to flee interstate to avoid prosecution when charged with murder, assault with a dangerous weapon, mayhem, burglary, rape, kidnaping, extortion accompanied by threat of violence, robbery or an attempt to commit any of these crimes. In 1956 the crime of arson was added.

Such was the nature of the shocking crime that the FBI promptly placed Marquette on its "Ten Most Wanted Fugitives" list.

Less than a day later the office of the FBI Special Agent in Santa Barbara, California, received a telephone call from an excited citizen in Santa Maria, about 50 miles north.

"I've just seen one of the fellers you're looking for. Richard Marquette."

"Who is this talking?" the Special Agent asked politely.

"Wait a minute—" the voice hesitated. "Say, do I really have to give my name?"

"I'd like to know to whom I'm speaking. I assure you that the FBI does not divulge the name of an informant."

"Well, in that case—"

The man gave his name. He was a young chap who had gone into a local military surplus store to buy camping equipment which he intended to parcel post to his brother in Porterville. The clerk seemed new. He was unfamiliar with the stock. Furthermore the package had been wrapped clumsily.

"I didn't think anything about it until I went to the post office. I was addressing the package when I happened to look up at a "wanted" circular on the wall. The photograph looked exactly like the feller who waited on me. Except that the feller in the store had grown a mustache."

An hour and a quarter later the Special Agent walked into the store in Santa Maria and arrested Marquette. He had a deadly switch blade in his pocket but the G-man closed in too fast for him to think of using it.

Marquette admitted his identity. He was broke when he slipped into Mexico and he had been unable to find work there. So he had hitch-hiked his way northward again as far as Santa Maria where he obtained a part-time job in a store.

RICHARD Laurence Marquette was given a special niche in the FBI's Hall of Infamy. He shares it with a fast moving robber named Joseph James Brletic:

In the 13 years since the "Ten Most Wanted Fugitives" was established, these two were apprehended within 24 hours after their names were added to the list.

Brletic was wanted by the FBI for unlawful interstate flight to avoid prosecution for a robbery committed in Clayton, Montana. He picked the small town of Lancaster, California, 1,600 air line miles away as a good place to hide out until the heat was off. He discovered he was wrong on the following day when a couple of G-men walked in on him.

"After an individual commits a criminal act he usually wants to get as much mileage as possible between him and the scene of the crime," FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover points out.

The "Top Ten Fugitives" located to date have been arrested an average of some 900 miles from the point where the crime for which they were charged was committed. This is the approximate distance from Pittsburgh to Kansas City or from Salt Lake City to Portland, Oregon—distances which encompass approximately one-third of the breadth of the continental United States.

The distance champion, and undisputed record holder for the past three years is Joseph Corbett, Jr., now serving life in a Colorado penitentiary.

Corbett, a California escaped convict, was sought by G-men for the kidnap-murder of Colorado industrialist Adolph Coors, III, in February, 1960. FBI agents picked up his trail in Chino, California, trailed him to Denver, Atlantic City, Toronto, Winnipeg. With the help of the Canadian authorities they finally caught up with him at Vancouver, eight months later.

Marquette, Brletic and Corbett were three of the 164 out of 177 top criminals who were apprehended after their names were added to the list, an amazing box score for any organization of man hunters to chalk up.

On March 14th, 1963,

(Continued on page 52)

"Oh, we can make notes later, Miss Wilkerson . . ."

NOBODY HERE BUT US LUSTY RASCALS

 *Barth*

From an innerspring mattress to a spring in outer space—
wherever they look, BLUEBOOK's cartoonists
see joints jumping with the same hot-breathed scamps
out for their same age-old prey: dames.

"My wife and I certainly
enjoy these parties of yours,
Mrs. Rawson."





"I told you—nothing
excites my husband anymore."

"Oh dear! We have three
house guests and only one
guest room—does anyone
have a suggestion?"



"I'm ready to be mounted!"



The Fabulous Career of "Madame Drachma"

ALL GREECE WAS HER LOVE-PEN

HER name was Elva Contabulis, but they called her Madame Drachma after the coin she loved so well. She came to Athens in 1947 from a hill village in northern Greece. She was then 16; she owned nothing but a lithe, busty body, a change of underwear and 120 drachmas—about enough for a roll and a cup of coffee.

When she left Athens in 1962, she owned an ocean-going yacht, six palatial summer houses and approximately \$2,000,000 worth of stocks and bonds divided among the Greek and Western Shipping Company, the Europa Shipping Corporation and the Pakadilis Manufacturing Company. These were only part of her

PLEASE TURN PAGE

At 16, she rode into post-war Athens on a goat—lithe, busty, panting for money and men. By 30, her summer houses and yachts had become playgrounds for millionaires of six nations, and she herself Europe's richest prostitute.

by James Collier



The men were awkwardly balancing wine glasses while Elva counted their push-ups when Benzel walked in the door.



ALL GREECE WAS HER LOVE PEN...

holdings; her net worth, never fully catalogued, has been estimated at between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000.

And one other thing. When she first rode into Athens she was nearly virginal, having slept with only six men. When she was forcibly ejected from the city, she had slept with 5,000.

Her story should be told—if for nothing else, for the moral it points. Today Elva Contabulis lives in exile on a tiny island in the Aegean Sea. Her house, a ramshackle stone-and-mortar hut, has room only for herself and the withered crone who serves as her maid. She has an annuity just large enough to buy basic necessities, but even that income will stop if she leaves the island.

Yet her poverty-stricken situation—after 15 years of almost unimaginable opulence—somehow doesn't depress Madame Drachma. In the evenings, for example, when the old crone serves her simple meal, she is always careful to set a wine glass on the opposite side of the table. She talks to the wine glass. "Come, drink up old fellow, you're off your feed. Mustn't be that way, Little Elva likes her men to be strong. We have a night's work ahead of us, my man . . ."

Madame Drachma, in a word, is crazy as a loon.

PRECISELY what made Elva Contabulis so desirable that men threw fortunes at her is difficult to say. She had neither elegance, wit nor charm. In fact, she remained excessively vulgar throughout her career, as will shortly be seen. Perhaps her most striking feature was her mouth. Large, and extraordinarily mobile, it made men feel instantly that this was a woman who desired: desired wine, money, clothes, sumptuous food, and above all, men. The feeling was always proven true. Elva was endowed with incredible appetites.

She had her first man in the craggy mountains of Macedonia. She was 15. Greece, bombed heavily and economically ruined by WWII, was in chaos. Elva's father had been killed in a post-war rebellion. Her mother spent her days drinking filthy wine in the cafes, and her evenings searching for men to pay for the wine. Cut loose from all parental discipline, Elva daily roamed the hills above Langados—ostensibly to hunt for wild strawberries which she could sell for a few drachmas in the village.

Actually, she was hunting almost savagely for men, for any sort of sexual thrill to help fill up her empty days in that war-torn land. The first man she found was a mentally defective goatherd, sitting motionless on a rock and staring out over the countryside. She put down her basket, dropped to her knees and crept up behind him. She touched his back, giggling and beginning to pant; he shrieked and darted away. Elva chased him from rock to rock, finally trapping him against a ledge. The man was frightened out of his wits. She laughed and ripped off her dress, the only piece of clothing she wore. Then she dropped again to her knees and crawled forward like a wolf closing in on a stag.

The goatherd whimpered and cringed. When she reached him Elva simply tripped him up and raped him. That was when Elva learned that if you go straight for what you want, you usually get it.

For the next year, Elva sought better men. Her approach was direct. She would pick her mark—usually a shopkeeper or school teacher she knew from the town—walk up to him and say, "Give me a hundred drachmas." Her prey usually died. Then Elva would seduce him.

In March 1947, Elva's mother died of tuberculosis complicated by cirrhosis of the liver brought on by alcoholism. It rained the day of the brief almost unattended funeral. Somebody, out of kindness, gave Elva 300 drachmas and Elva promptly walked away from the cemetery and down the road toward Athens, 200 miles away.

A half hour later she was sitting in a Mercedes-Benz belonging to one Oscar Benzel, a Czechoslovakian dealer in olives and chocolate. "Where are you going, little girl?" Benzel smiled indulgently.

"Athens," Elva said.

The Czech looked startled. "Going to see relatives, I assume?"

"No. To amuse myself. And get rich. Do you mind if I take off my dress? It's wet, and I'll catch a cold."

His jaw hanging open, Benzel watched the 16-year-old strip off the garment and now just in her underwear, turn and ask, "Have you got a cigarette?"

He gave her one, stunned by her supple figure but too confused to act. Nervously, he asked, "What precisely do you mean when you say you want to amuse yourself?" He had to make sure.

She shrugged. The question was obvious. "Eat. Drink champagne. Go for rides on boats and cars. And have many lovers."

Oscar Benzel became the first of them. Benzel owned a white building off Place Omonias, which housed his



Jaime was led out of room to spare him the sight of Elva's beating. Pando whipped the gun across her mouth.



As the timid goatherd cringed in terror behind a rock, Elva laughed lustily, ripped off her dress and leaped at him.

offices in the bottom, and himself in the top. Here he packed Elva away in what he hoped was cold storage. Benzel had to travel a lot. He did not trust Elva, and did his best to keep her content during his absences. He decorated the apartment lavishly and imported a fully stocked G.E. freezer from America. He bought her English whiskey, Spanish brandy and several magnums of French champagne.

One day he returned from a trip to find three naked men lying on the floor doing push-ups, each with a full glass of champagne balanced on the small of his back.

Elva was naked also. "Darling," she cried, "I'm so glad you're back. See the wonderful game I invented. The man who can do the most push-ups without spilling the champagne is the winner."

"And what," Benzel snarled, "is the prize?"

Elva pouted. "But please, Oscar, there is plenty of me for everybody. I won't wear out."

Benzel thereafter locked Elva in her rooms when he went off on trips. This was emphatically not Elva's style. She began then systematically to ruin Oscar Benzel.

In this enterprise she had the help of a shrewd young Albanian named Helel Grannick, later Helel Ganalos, and for a short period when he posed as an American, Henry Grant. Grannick, in his middle twenties at the time, had been washed up in Athens by the tides of war. He was extraordinarily ambitious, and almost totally devoid of morals. (He was subsequently twice charged by Athenian authorities with murder, but escaped conviction both times.)

Grannick wore a big red mustache, and it was this which attracted Elva as she was staring pensively out onto Place Omonias one evening, locked in the apartment. "Mustachio," she shouted gleefully.

Grannick stopped and stared up. Then he bowed. "I am pleased that you notice."

"I would like to see it closer," she shouted again, "but unfortunately my husband is jealous and has

locked me in."

"A pity. Pretty birds should have their liberty."

"Undoubtedly a locksmith could make a key, if you explained that you were my husband and had lost yours."

Helel Grannick thus acquired a key to the apartment, Elva Constabulis, and ultimately, a good deal of Oscar Benzel's wealth. Grannick, at the time, was down on his luck. Elva's first move was to sell jewelry Benzel had given her and provide him with an apartment and six new suits. Then Grannick went into the chocolate-importing business. Elva had merely to weasel out of the unfortunate Benzel inside information on shipments, prices and contracts. She copied his business papers, poured over his ledgers and read his mail. Armed with this information, Grannick bankrupted Benzel in a matter of months. Then he took over the business.

Two days after Benzel's final disgrace, he walked into the apartment to find Elva standing on the top of a table quite naked, skipping rope with a double strand of pearls Grannick had bought for her. Grannick was counting for her. The truth began to dawn.

"Whore," Benzel screamed, tears of rage and frustration coursing down his cheeks, "Bitch, I'll kill you both."

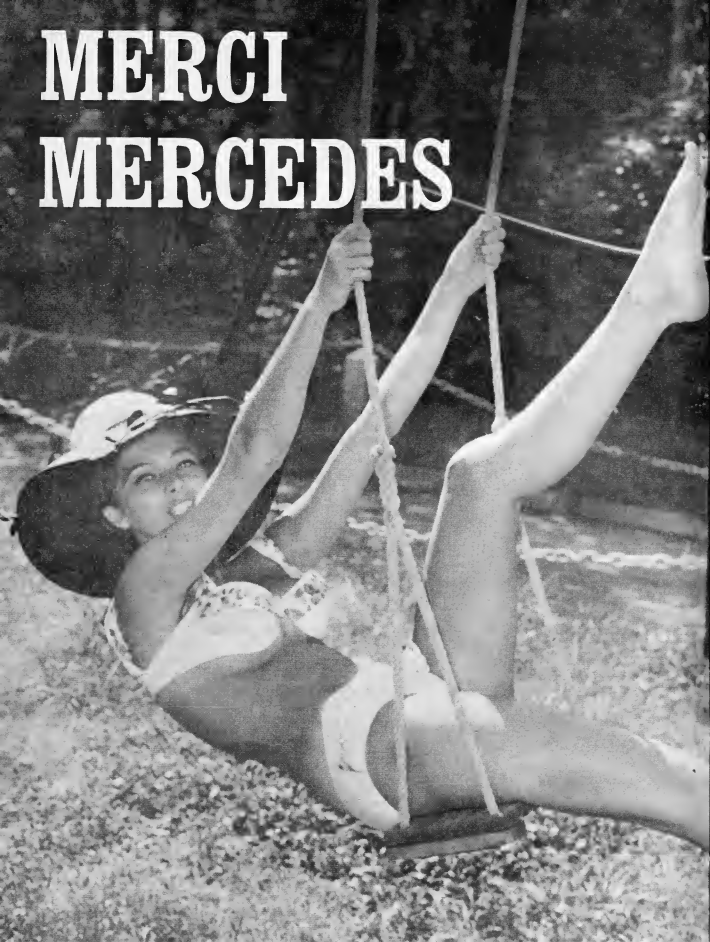
He fled from the room and 15 minutes later burst back in raging and screaming, in his hand an American .45. Elva sat in front of him on the over-stuffed divan, eating an apple. She was now dressed. "You bitch, I going to shoot you and then I will cut your body to pieces and fling the meat out into the streets for the dogs." He raised the pistol.

That was when Grannick stepped out from behind the door and shot Benzel in the head from six inches away.

The case was officially termed a suicide, though for a time the police were suspicious. So were the newspapers, one of which, on January 12, 1948, ran the banner headline: "Woman Questioned in 'Suicide' of Chocolate Importer." More

(Continued on page 58)

**MERCI
MERCEDES**



**"How you compare me weeth ze speedy auto
ees most any way hokay," allows top-paid,
vital (36-21-35) French cover-girl
Mercedes. "Eef only you do not make ze
pun zat I am how-you-say zupped-opp . . ."**

PLEASE TURN PAGE





BOOK BOMB

by ROBERT LAGUARDIA



Fifty yards from a sure crash, Murdoch grabbed the girl and got ready to jump, pushing the Russian engineer ahead of him down the embankment.



AMERICAN AGENT MURDOCH'S *ESCAPE FROM RUSSIA'S DRAGNET*

In March, 1956, an ex-OSS Bostonian was given a new name and a suicide assignment—to steal from the Kremlin its most explosive cold-war secret. Here, for the first time, is the chilling account of his 61-day hide-out ordeal behind the Iron Curtain.

MOSCOW, March 5, 1956, Seven p.m. Soviet counter-intelligence agent Gregor Kosuks rested for a minute in a Trequoiska St. subway kiosk. He had been tracking a man named Ivan Balto. Kosuks did not actually know who Balto was, only that he had been ordered to track him by his KGB superiors. He'd been doing so for two hours now, he was a large flat-footed man and he was very tired.

The man Balto was below him on the subway platform—slim, wiry, about 32, with white-blond hair. Possibly a Finn, thought Kosuks curiously; he wondered what he had done. A train roared into the platform. Kosuks sighed, hauled his 205-pound bulk from the wall he'd

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ESCAPE FROM RUSSIA'S DRAGNET...



As Yank spy was crashing through East-West barrier, less lucky freedom-seekers were being turned back at Berlin gate.

been leaning on and slowly descended the stairs: obviously, Balto planned to board the train; there was no need to rush.

But the lethargic Red was suddenly thrown into confusion. Balto did not wait for the train to stop. As the train's roar overwhelmed all other sounds, Balto abruptly turned and raced through a throng of converging passengers in Kosu's direction. The fat, flabbergasted agent flung himself back to let Balto pass him on the stairs; he had no intention of showing his hand by trying to stop him.

In a split-second of terror, Kosu's saw that Balto did not wish to pass him, but stopped at his side, a small, blunt-nosed revolver in his hand. Kosu's felt the gun muzzle press into the folds of his stomach, heard the train still roaring and squealing in the echo-chamber of a station below. He did not hear the shot; he did not even feel pain. He slid slowly down the wall, the tail of his jacket sliding up as he rubbed against brick, until he was sitting rather awkwardly on a cold stone step.

He pressed the hole in his gut with both hands and peered at his murderer with glazing eyes. He reached out feebly for Balto's heel, but the heel was fast-disappearing out the kiosk into the maze of alleys and streets in Moscow's Gorky district.

"What will happen to my wife?" said Kosu's weakly to a ticket agent who rushed up a minute later to help him. Then he closed his eyes and died . . .

THE above incident took place midway in one of the most sensational cold-war missions ever perpetrated. For Ivan Balto was not a Finn as the unfortunate Kosu's had suspected; he was Frank Paul Murdoch, American by birth, Russian by upbringing—on a secret assignment to procure from the Kremlin a copy of Khrushchev's anti-Stalin speech to the 20th Party Congress, before that speech was made public.

The importance of that assignment was made plain to Murdoch two months before. Not a regular government employee, he was called to Washington from his Boston hardware store where his superior outlined the mission.

"If we publish that speech before the Kremlin informs the Russian people and the satellite countries, then we've made a propaganda coup with consequences we can't exactly predict, but we can guarantee it will make the biggest explosion since the A-bomb.

"But why me?" said Murdoch with ill-humor.

"Because the man in possession of the document won't transfer it to anyone but you. He won't trust anybody else."

"Who is he?"

"Nikolai Voldonev, your old pal from the OSS days in the war. Voldonev, has gone far—he's now the KGB's top representative to the inner councils of the Kremlin—but not for long. Since Beria was liquidated, his days are numbered. So, the deal is, Voldonev will get the Khrush-

chev speech for us if we arrange for his defection. You will be his contact."

"So, without me, you might as well can the plan."

"Right. We are counting on your cooperation. We know your problems. You drink too much and you haven't been able to keep a job since the war. And we know why. When you were in the OSS, you betrayed your best friend to the Nazis because you had reliable info that he was a double agent whose ultimate loyalty was to the enemy. Then you found after the war, the information was phony. From that time on you've sworn off espionage work, but maybe this job will help you atone for your feeling of responsibility for your friends' death."

"Maybe," Murdoch grunted. "Okay, I'll take the job."

A PHONY identity was created for Murdoch which, by the unseen hands of Western agents, was slipped into the KGB files of Moscow. His name was to be Ivan Balto. There was an actual Balto who was currently on a hard-to-locate assignment in Kirgluzia, near China. But a phony file was substituted for the real one and agents were to see that as long as Murdoch was in Moscow, Balto would stay in Kirgluzia.

Francis Murdoch was shipped to the Bad Godesberg training camp in West Germany. It was run by the NTS (after its Russian motto: *Nesem Tiranam Smert*—Death to the Tyrants) which is, at this moment, the only successful underground anti-Red counter-intelligence move-



Khrushchev's angry anti-Stalin speech to secret congress had, unknown to him, been stolen and made public in U. S.

ment on Communist Russian soil. The CIA used the NTA network as a channel for their undercover work, and as a means of slipping their agents into Russia. All the NTS members had to be Russian-born. Murdoch qualified, because though he was born an American citizen, he was half-Russian and grew up in Russia, not coming back to the U.S. until he was 15.

The NTS only new Murdoch by his phony identity, and had no idea of the nature of his mission. However, less than a week went by before Murdoch discovered the camp was honeycombed with Communist agents. Then he remembered that during the 30's the Reds had infiltrated NTS leadership at the top, and set up a trap, which resulted in most of the West's effective leaders ending up in Red prisons or facing the firing squads.

Murdoch stormed the informal administrative office of the camp and yelled at the man who was to be his future partner, Vasily Kosnetsov.

"But why don't you clean the place up?" he asked furiously.

"How could we?" Kosnetsov replied with a shrug. "No one here has any idea what anybody else's job is. That's the only security we need. Let the Communists send their men over. Every now and then one of them defects, and we can use them."

"But how can you run a place with such stupidity?"

"Wait a while and you'll see how it works."

A few days later, Murdoch was present when a double-agent was uncovered—by Kosnetsov himself, who noticed that in an exercise on the control of prisoners the agent tied a man's hands behind his back with a knot used exclusively by the Soviet GRU (military intelligence).

But Murdoch really exploded the night Kosnetsov insisted they go to a brothel. Murdoch who intended to stay sober and was not in any mood for any of the women, went along to keep an eye on Kosnetsov. When he found the place crawling with NTS "students" and agents, his faith in the organization deteriorated completely.

(Continued on page 63)



German Reds push off in dinghy to pick up would-be escaper they shot in canal. Murdoch got through via railroad.

One fell 500 feet to his death from the blazing Italia's gondola. Six more drifted towards the North Pole, never to be seen again. But still others remained—ice-bound survivors of the worst blimp disaster in history—to commit the most horrible act of their lives.

by K. T. LEONARD

GENERAL Umberto Nobile, 43, a small, energetic man with deep brooding eyes, walked to the front of the cabin of the dirigible *Italia* and dropped a glass ball filled with red dye out of the right-hand porthole. He stood timing the ball's descent with a stopwatch, from a height of 500 feet over the North Pole.

The dye cut a crimson gash on the stark white ice below, but General Nobile took little notice of the color clash. Dropping the ball had confirmed his worst fears. Though the ship's nose

(Continued on page 72)

AFTER 29 DAYS THEY ATE PILOT MALMGREN



Behounek and the two crewmen struggled in terror. The blazing blimp, which had thrown them clear, was nosing towards their helpless bodies.



PEACETIME YANKS ENSLAVED BY MINDORO'S JAP WAR HOLD-OUTS



Six years past, WWII was just a dim memory to the two land surveyors idling through the Philippines. Until, out from the bush and screaming, "Banzai!" charged armed remnants of the Nipponese Army—to make them POWs in one of the strangest captivities in history.

by L. N. DELL

AT ABOUT three p.m. on June 11, 1952, along a mountainous, jungle trail on the island of Mindoro in the Philippines, American land surveyors Doug Kramer and Mel James were feeding chips to a cookfire. With them was their Tagalog guide.

Suddenly, something snapped in the dense bush.

On the chance it might be a *tamarau*, a small but vicious jungle buffalo, the 32-year-old Kramer lunged for the Winchester he had propped against a boulder. As he did so, Felipe suddenly pointed to the bush and cried out in a mixture of disbelief and horror.

A rifle cracked and broke off Felipe's scream. Struck in the chest and face, his features blotted with blood, the guide dropped to his knees, then fell face down into the fire. Shaking off their momentary paralysis, both Kramer and James

Of thousands of Japs who fled to hills during moss U. S. invasion of Philippines, most surrendered at war's end.



Some never-say-die troops held out, however, and periodically captured Americans such as surveyors Kramer and James.

dove to their right as a fresh burst of rifle fire spattered the earth nearby.

Coming out of his spin, Kramer glimpsed a blurry figure darting through the foliage. Flipping the Winchester to his shoulder, he snapped off a shot from a prone position. Then a pair of naked feet struck him from behind and, a second later, a calloused heel banged into his face, snapping his head back with tremendous force.

Somewhere off to his right he heard James scream. Foggily, he tried getting up when the naked heel lashed out a second time, catching him deftly under the chin. He rolled over twice, ending up on his back. The last thing he remembered was the sky changing swiftly from bright blue to black.

Kramer came to with a taste of blood in his mouth and a dull pounding inside his head. As his vision cleared,

he spotted the sheen of metal alongside his right cheekbone. It turned out to be a bayonet, the tip poised some three inches above his throat. Next, he spotted the man crouched above him, naked except for a skimpy breechclout and a dirty, visored cap. Kramer's eyes widened with shock.

The unblinking, almond eyes and the narrow face fitted no Filipino type Kramer had ever seen. The man was Japanese.

Moments later a second man carrying a rifle came up, and they motioned Kramer to get up. A bit behind, James, who had been clubbed out with a blow from a rifle butt, was being hauled to his feet by two others. Now a fifth one appeared. He was taller than the others, thirtyish, wore a pair of home made sandals, a ragged pair of pants and the tattered remains of a military tunic. From his belt, two grenades

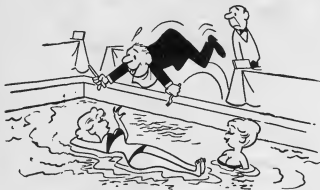
(Continued on page 78)

...BLUELINE SPECIAL.

(Continued from page 6)

JFK Youth Corps heads privately scared Corps will draw thugs, switchbladers. They insist program, which will enlist 60,000 a year, is not for juvenile delinquents, though minor scrapes with the law won't keep a guy out . . . Bed salesmen report they're making out like gangbusters, earning as much as \$1000 a month in commissions. Reason: customers have gone ape over new king-size, queen-size and swing beds . . . Educators figuring new way to add a whole year to a college man's wage-earning life: by squeezing normal 4-year college course into 3 . . . Direct quote from a NY employer: "I find it almost impossible to get good bookkeepers at \$125 per week . . . and there are pages and pages of want ads in the newspapers" . . . If you're an electrician, the place for you is Detroit, where the union is fixing it so that, between jobs, you get \$50 a week besides an Unemployment check . . .

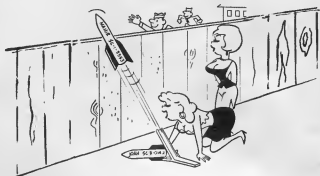
SOLDIER SLANTS Army psychologists insist chowhounds make the most vicious fighters . . . Since some camps are cracking down on GIs hobnobbing with "fun girls," some of these free enterprise bimbos are getting their telephone numbers past the camp guards via those toy rockets . . . Those angry Red charges of poison gas



warfare in Vietnam are a real joke. The stuff they're yelling about is a harmless weed-killer squirted from Yank planes to strip leaves, expose Communist guerillas in their jungle hideouts . . . International headlines will soon erupt over those booby-trapped packages being sent to German scientists who used to work for Hitler, now toil for Egypt . . . New, official book about celebrated Kennedy PT-109, spells out fact that the whole affair was a goofup by the mesquitoboaters . . . American spy-

masters are exultant—they've now found a device that can wiretap official Russian phones, pinpoint missile launch pads . . .

GIRL DEPT. If you want to make out with a Moslem girl, don't touch her with your left hand. By her, it's evil . . . Latest attraction for doll-watchers may well sweep the country: two Minneapolis cafes have babes in near-invisible bikinis cavorting in a pool smack-dab in front of male customers' tables. Don't leave this minute,



lads, but the names of the joints are Davy Jones' Locker and the Copper Heath . . . A famous sexpot blew Beantown in a hurry when somebody lifted her silken unmentionables. She knew that undies are the pet weapon of the Boston strangler . . . Japanese geisha girls have now gone modern; they drink cocktails, play guitars instead of the traditional samisen—and they're all taking up golf . . . Psychologists now say that the best time of day to score with a first kiss is between 4:30 and 5:00 in the afternoon; then a girl is physically relaxed and hasn't yet put up her "nighttime defenses" . . . Best time to score a touchdown is 9 p.m., on the eve of your second date, say the experts . . . Tokyo lady drivers are carrying silk handkerchiefs with a map of the city on them, so they don't have to ask a gent if they get lost . . . That red-headed English playgirl who was linked with a top British Minister and some nude photos was also hooked up with some Very Top American Brass . . . Keep an eye on how a female handles her skirt and you'll get some key clues to her character: If she checks the back of her skirt when she gets up, she's prudish; if she keeps smoothing it after she sits down, she's fussy and probably a nag; if she crosses her legs the second she sits down, she's cautious—but willing . . . Word from behind the Iron Curtain is that bloomers-under-dresses which used to be such a damper

to romance are now out. But there's still a big logistical problem: Red ladies now wear two or three sets of panties . . . Now that the Feds have cracked down on the rascals who were selling land by mail, there's a new dodge: they're using pretty dolls to peddle acreage sight unseen . . . Surf girls are the wild new thing on the West Coast. Their uniform is white, tight levis and a parka—and to swing with them, you've got to be awfully damn nimble on a surfboard for two . . .

IT'S A CRIME Don't shoot a bald eagle in S. Dakota, as there'll only be one left in the whole damn State. Bald Eagle shortage has authorities worried. There are only 2 in S.D. and in Mississippi and North Carolina. Florida has the most—a piddling 529 . . .



Home-improvement racketeers are at their most outrageous in Milwaukee. One guy, refused admittance, broke into the basement, set fire with lighter fluid to the base of the chimney, told the owner his furnace needed major repairs. Another faker told an old couple their heating system suffered from "loose packing around the kidney." And one crook ripped out cold air ducts before the owner's eyes, stomped on them, extorted a \$1,300 contract for a new furnace . . . All the junkies are really trying to get into England since that TV scene showing how Blighty shelters dope addicts . . . Cops all over Japan are ordered to crack down on "special services" being given in 300 Turkish baths . . . Sing Sing guards say that the man named Charles Wood, electrocuted for 5 killings, was the coolest of them all. In the chair, he cracked, "Gentlemen, you are about to see an important scientific experiment—the effect of electricity on Wood!" . . . Postal dicks are cracking down on outfits that mail sample razor blades, patent medicines. Claim they're dangerous to kids . . . An FBI expert warns U.S. businessmen that they, too, are being spied on by the Russians. Says FBIer Fred Stukenbroeken, "At this hour the United States is the target of Soviet industrial espionage on a mammoth scale" . . . In Alabama a cattle rustler in a plane flew low over a herd of beef, "cut out" a heifer from the rest, landed, shot it with a rifle, packed it aboard and flew off again . . . They're talking in law-enforcement circles

about the most vicious new suburban pastime—"daughter swapping," where Dads exchange adolescent daughters for a night of fun & games . . .

NEW AND AMAZING Now if you are a California booster, you can use this: Interior Florida has more rainstorms than anywhere else in the U.S.A. . . . There's a new plunger gizmo that shoots a gas cartridge into plugged up toilets, drains, clears them out like sixty. (You get it from Universal Jet, Inc., 4969 Weeks Avenue, San Diego, Calif.) . . . A Hawaiian State Senator named Kazuhisa Abe wants to abolish Christmas, Good Friday, replace them with Buddha Day . . . Doctors now find that the ancient technique of bloodletting, long discredited, can relieve certain heart conditions . . . Young crowd now scorns the Chevy as lacking speed, pickup, refer to it scornfully as "the doll buggy." . . . There's a great new convertible ladder that fits an auto trunk, can be added to, and can be set up as a scaffold . . . (Norsemn, Inc., 2916 4th Ave. S. Minneapolis) . . . Watch for the new instant beer cooler . . . And if you're up around St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, grab a look at the Reversing Falls—they go backwards, uphill, that is . . . Some gas stations will now stamp your license number on hubcaps to discourage thievery . . . Pretty soon, if lumbermen have their way, you'll be wearing wooden suits, eating wooden cookies and mayonnaise . . . The Russians have a new compact car, the Sputnik, that's just over three feet high, generates 15 h.p., carries two adults and two kiddies, very uncomfortably . . . Latest scientific scoop is that your brain works best while you're walking. Now you can get a branding iron that marks your cookout steaks "R" for rare, "M" for medium, "W" for well done . . . The Piper Cub people have just



successfully tested a plastic airplane . . . They've just found out that queen bees can talk to each other; they're not so sure about the workers . . . Detroit automakers are going to throw away all their current engines inside of ten years, when the revolutionary new Wankel engine goes into production. It's no bigger than your hat, consists mainly of two pie-shaped plates and a rotor that spins between them, runs on cheapo fuel, lasts forever . . .

Underseas Air Fleet

(Continued from page 15)

in the next 20 years."

"I assume that we can have submarine troop transports within 15 years after the money is appropriated," Dr. Harold F. Lavery told an American Legion group in Illinois last year. Lavery, a prominent marine architect, went on to explain that he was not just day-dreaming but that designs for such vessels already existed.

"Not only can the United States construct much larger Polaris-firing submarines that can hurl up to 48 atomic warheads about 2,000 miles," Commander Warren Field declared in Montreal recently, "but there has been some serious investigation of underwater aircraft carriers. In view of the extreme vulnerability of the existing carriers, this should hardly be surprising."

"Even more likely to be constructed in the next seven or eight years is a fleet of cargo submarines," Captain Heinrich Giessler told the Bremen Nautical Society on March 26, 1963. Giessler, who is an officer of the *Deutsche Gesellschaft fuer Ortung und Navigation* (German Navigation Society) disclosed to the North American Newspaper Alliance that the West German government had already commissioned "technical studies for a nuclear submarine cargo ship, which would operate independent of wind, waves and ice at speeds up to 50 knots . . . Captain Giessler's group visualizes submarines displacing 6,000 to 7,000 tons, with speeds of 40 to 50 knots and an operating range of 130,000 miles."

This idea is hardly a new one, aside from the size of the craft and the plan to use atomic power. Even back in World War I when the British Navy was attempting to choke off Germany's war industry by cutting off raw materials, the Kaiser's navy was operating two imperial-sized submarines named the *Bremen* and the *Deutschland* as cargo craft to break the blockade. They specialized in moving high-cost and light-weight items such as industrial diamonds, machine tools, chemicals and metals not available in Europe. During World War II, both the Third Reich and its Nipponese allies ran similar sub cargoes—including rubber and tin, diamonds and radar equipment—from the North Sea to Yokohama in both directions.

"Nipponese cargo subs brought at least 11,000 shells, 38,000 rounds of mortar ammunition, millions of machinegun bullets and 490 tons of food

to their troops on Guadalcanal," military historian Edgar Rand wrote in 1947. He went on to state that this flow of supplies probably sustained the Japanese resistance on the island a full three months longer than it might have otherwise endured.

Many nations are today even developing plans for underwater tankers. The Electric Boat Division of the gigantic U.S. General Dynamics industrial combine has specifications for several, including a 700-foot-long 98,000-tonner that could carry 40,000 tons of oil at a brisk 40 knots. The U.S. Maritime Administration has actually awarded a research contract for study of an even larger, 963-foot underwater tanker with a displacement of 101,000 tons. Such a vessel, half again as big as the *Queen Elizabeth*, is no longer a pipe dream.

Development of sub-surface squadrons ranging from atomic mine-layers to 2,000 troop transports is not limited to the non-Communist world. The Russians have already demonstrated their faith in such craft by building the biggest fleet of submarines in history—more than 550 combat subsmeribles operating all over the world.

Most of these are considered conventional craft, but the same can not be said about the "underwater battleships" that Stockholm papers reported under discussion by Red Fleet admirals last winter. According to the Swedish press, the U.S.S.R. has blue-printed a new class of huge submarines that could each fire 180 intermediate range ballistic missiles tipped with H-bomb warheads. These deep-sea dreadnaughts, each manned by a crew of 70 officers and 400 men, would make Jules Verne's science fiction novels seem naive by comparison.

Another model for tomorrow's underwater armadas is the so-called "Octopus" designed by an Italian engineer named Alfredo Traminelli, a craft that would carry up to 100 frogmen close to an enemy harbor and then launch them—each riding an 18 M.P.H. motorized "sea sled"—to deliver their demolition charges. The Italians were of course the first nation to use underwater demolition teams (U.D.T.) effectively during World War II. Traminelli's "Octopus" would have six large "escape trunks" or airlocks to turn the "sleds" loose swiftly.

Right now — today — the United States Navy is expanding the effectiveness of its own U.D.T. teams through the use of three man "sea sleds." Although The Pentagon is un-

derstandably reluctant to tip its hand about future weapon plans, foreign naval experts such as Captain Etienne Sinceleur have predicted that big subs to deliver entire companies of frogmen will be moving from the drawing-boards into the shipyards within "the next 12 to 15 years, maybe sooner." The Russians are believed to have more than 7,000 U.D.T. specialists, plus four different types of sub-surface "chariots" that now cruise up to 40 miles at speeds ranging from four to eleven miles an hour. Two Soviet submarines, both of which have been sighted near American bases in the Pacific in 1961-1962, are known to carry up to a dozen frogmen each.

The reason for this drastically accelerated increase in underwater squadrons of all sorts is simple. Three pieces of equipment that came out of World War II have made all surface craft extremely vulnerable. These are (1) the long range patrol bomber, which can now fly more than 10,000 miles, (2) amazingly sensitive radar, which can scan many hundreds of miles from either a plane or a ship, (3) nuclear warheads, which may be used in either rocket or bomb and which are so destructive that an actual hit is no longer necessary. This terror trio has created grave doubts about the wisdom of constructing any more conventional battleships or aircraft carriers. Even if such vessels carry their own air defense units, they certainly can not operate in large fleets as they did formerly. As was so graphically and destructively demonstrated in the United States atomic tests near Bikini, an armada such as the one used by Admiral "Bull" Halsey against the Japanese would be a sitting duck for today's nuclear warheads. A single H-bomb would reduce a complete fleet to "hot" hulks, killing 80 per cent of the crews. One enemy fighter could whistle in at 1,200 M.P.H. through even the toughest anti-aircraft and flip in the lone bomb that could convert a surface squadron to a statistic.

Admirals on either side of the Iron Curtain know this. Their most logical solution is to take to the bottom of the sea. Of course, both the Soviet Union and the U.S. have been making immense strides in new weapons designed to kill off each other's growing underwater armadas. Anti-submarine arsenals now include nuclear rockets that can plunge beneath the surface and hit a raider with charges 1,000 times more destructive than conventional high-explosive models. To help aim these and other gadgets still classified, the major naval powers have spent more than a billion dollars on

super-sensitive electronic and acoustic detection gear.

But despite these new anti-sub weapons, underwater operations are still many times safer and more promising than the surface fleet actions typical in World War II and Korea. Tomorrow's varied sub armadas will use nuclear power for high speeds over long distances, and new hull materials for operation at unprecedented depths, making them a lot harder for hostile surface craft and planes to find and hit. The first of these unusual craft to come off the ways was the U.S.S. *Thresher*, a sleek "attack" model built to find and destroy enemy submarines at extreme depths. *Thresher*, which sank tragically in the Atlantic 220 miles east of Boston on April 10th, is believed to have been designed for combat service at 1,000 to 1,300 feet below, although the exact figures are secret. It is estimated that future U.S. subs may fight at depths up to 8,000 feet.

American admirals will launch a new two-man "undersea research vehicle" in September for operations at 6,000 feet. This will be a 20-foot-long craft with a steel hull and reinforced fiberglass conning tower. This use of fiberglass reflects the growing progress with "exotic" materials. Right now, the Reynolds Company is mov-

ing ahead with an all-aluminum submarine in an attempt to show that the light-weight metal can permit greater depth than steel. The Reynolds "Aluminaut" may be the prototype for boats that will wage war somewhere below 1,900 feet, roughly five times as deep as the U.S. submersible of 1945. It is difficult to predict how far down the undersea raiders or aircraft carriers of 1975 or 1985 will go. It is not likely that large submarines will operate anywhere near the depths already probed by the U.S. Navy's *Trieste*, for that cylinder-shaped "bathyscaphe" descended to a record 37,800 feet off Guam in January 1960. However, the trend is definitely down, down, down.

If the depths seem extraordinary, the details of the various proposed submarines are even more impressive. They are worth considering carefully, for they provide key clues as to the probable nature of war beneath the sea in the last quarter of this century.

(1) THE UNDERWATER AIRCRAFT CARRIER

Tomorrow's sub-surface aircraft carriers won't be nearly as large as the big surface carriers today, but they won't have to be, for two reasons. First, they won't need vast flight

decks because they will launch their planes from steam catapults. The submarine will surface to hurl up its small swift fighter-bombers, and then submerge to cruise on at 40 knots (speed of a modern destroyer) to a pre-set rendezvous point. After the aircraft deliver their compact hydrogen weapons and atomic torpedoes, they will dive down to within a few yards of the surface and race towards the rendezvous, landing when the sub surfaces. Special nylon arresting gearnets and the fighter-bombers' own reverse-thrust jets would permit landings on the comparatively short sub decks. Tomorrow's underwater carrier should be about 400 feet long, and will travel with 30 to 40 aircraft.

This smaller armada of planes—less than half those on a 1963 surface carrier—would be the second reason why the underwater carrier could be much more compact. With megaton warheads, fewer planes will be able to inflict tremendous damage. There can be little doubt that an aircraft from a single submarine in 1975 or 1980 will be able to kill 30 major cities in one afternoon.

(2) THE SUB-SURFACE BATTLESHIP

This type of submarine will be twice as fast as today's surface battleship, one third as large and carry only

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one quarter of the crew. It will be able to stay at sea five times as long as any 1963 dreadnaught, and to inflict upon the foe between 20,000,000 and 50,000,000 times as much damage. It will run at 900 feet and climb to 60 feet to hurl its super-Polaris hydrogen missiles.

To avoid enemy depth charges and attack subs, the battleship would be able to go down to 2,500 or 3,000 feet. It would carry at least a score of torpedo tubes to knock out attacking submarines, but would rarely use torpedoes against enemy surface craft. On rare occasions, it might fire either an underwater or an underwater aerial torpedo against a ship dropping depth charges. The combination underwater-aerial weapon is already perfected. It whooshes to the surface, flies through the air for several miles and then dives into the water to find and de-

stroy its target. The dreadnaught submersible would probably not need any screen of destroyers, although one Soviet naval magazine has speculated that an underwater battleship of this type might carry a few miniature craft to cut a path through enemy mine-fields or frogmen.

The main reasons that "escort craft" similar to present destroyers would not be used are (1) the dreadnaught will be able to move at such great speed and depth that it will be very hard to locate or hit (2) the presence of additional submarines will only increase the chances of detection.

If this type of vessel seems incredible to the public, it is certainly nothing unusual to most naval experts. U.S. atomic-powered submarines already in use cruise at something more than 25 knots, can circle the globe several times without refueling, and

can fire 16 missiles accurately "more than 1,500 miles." While the Navy has never officially confirmed the destructive power of the warheads, there has been a good deal of speculation in Congress and the press that these are about half a megaton—500,000 tons of high explosive. In light of the Polaris-firing submersibles already "on station" in the Atlantic, Pacific and Mediterranean (three), tomorrow's sub-surface battleship will simply be an improved, king-sized version of the existing model.

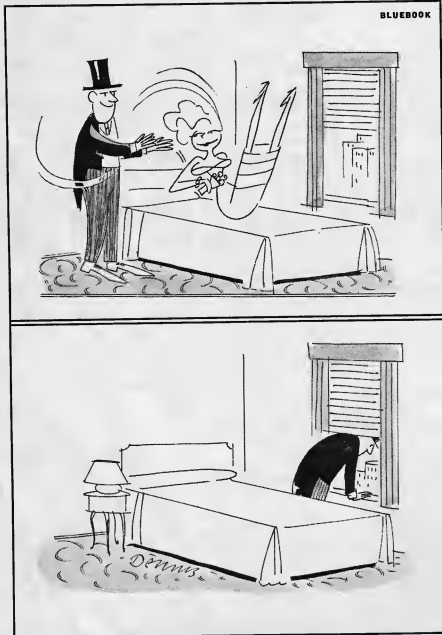
(3) UNDERWATER TROOP TRANSPORT

On the basis of proposals for underwater transports that have been advanced by naval architects such as Captain Hugo Z. Von Thorenz Jr., tomorrow's troop carriers will not attempt to haul as many soldiers as the ships of Uncle Sam's Military Sea Transport Service can today. The M.S.T.S., commanded by Vice Admiral Roy A. Gano, has a number of craft that can each haul 3,500 or more soldiers from New York to Liverpool in five and a half days. The underwater troop transports of the near future will carry only 1,000 men each, but will be just as fast, since even a 900-foot submarine transport benefits from not having to cope with the waves and weather, both of which slow surface craft.

In addition, the soldiers in the underwater transport will have a vastly more comfortable trip. A submarine doesn't roll or lurch, and sea-sickness is nonexistent. In addition, there will be no problem of being crowded below in overheated or airless holds. An atomic-powered underwater transport will be air-conditioned at about 65 degrees. The only noise will be soothing music piped into each compartment by easy-to-regulate loud-speakers.

Two designs for underwater transports have been suggested. One would be the present cigar-shape, and the other would be more like a cylinder or huge boiler. The latter appears to offer more space for the light and medium tanks and self-propelled rocket launchers that the soldiers would carry with them. Each big submarine would haul a stripped-down "battle group" that would be ready to go into action as soon as it hit the shore. The transports would carry their freight elevators and winches to unload heavy gear from eight deck hatches, and would also have accordion-like gangplanks and ramps to put ashore the battle group at places where no dock was available.

Because of its powerful reversible-thrust atomic engines, the sub-transport could take over the duties now



assigned to LCI and LCT types of flat-bottomed surface landing craft. The blue-prints of Von Thorenz provide space for 60 tanks, 84 self-propelled cannon and/or rocket launchers and 79 aluminum amphibious personnel carriers with armored sides. The U.S. Army already has every one of these types of tracked vehicles in use on a large scale.

Both the Soviets and the French are experimenting with underwater tanks —machines that can crawl under the surface and then emerge to do battle. The U.S. has already demonstrated at Fort Knox that the new M-60 "battle tank" can be so easily water-proofed that it can cross streams with only the top of the hull above the water. It thus seems likely that it will be possible to have ready for use with the sub-surface troop transports an assortment of water-tight vehicles that can crawl out of the submarine and then emerge upon an enemy-held beach a mile away. Both tanks and armored personnel carriers would hit the shore simultaneously in a coordinated and crushing surprise assault.

While unloading either on the surface or the ocean bottom, the transports would carry frogmen teams with sea sleds that mount compressed-air cannon for underwater firing.

(4) SUBMARINE MINE-LAYER

Every major naval power already has submarines that lay mines, but only as a secondary job, since diesel-powered subs are slow and cannot carry many mines. Tomorrow, there may be nuclear-powered undersea craft capable of 25 or 30 knots and of putting down 600 mines within 96 hours. This means that one submarine will be able to establish an entire mine-field, and it will be an extremely deadly one. The charges will be atomic, so if a single one is set off (either by sound waves, magnetic waves changes in water pressure caused by vessels passing, etc.) it will create a tidal wave that will smash a 100-ship convoy as if it were a collection of bath-tub toys. Every coastal metropolis will have to be protected by minesweepers on regular patrols. Otherwise, a sub mine-layer could leave 50 radio-controlled atomic mines off the shore of each big maritime center. If and when a war broke out, a single coded signal would trigger mines that would obliterate Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, Norfolk, Miami, New Orleans, and Galveston—simultaneously.

Because the new atomic mines are "more than 250,000 times more powerful" than the World War II explosive types, tomorrow's undersea fleet will include submarines that are primarily

mine-layers and long range reconnaissance craft. The latter duty would include placing outside enemy ports underwater listening devices that would radio back intelligence on the movement of the foe's ships. These "ears" could also warn when enemy submarines put out to sea.

(5) UNDERWATER TANKER

Diesel oil sub-tankers are almost mandatory at the present time, from a purely economic point of view. Many of the world's harbors lack facilities to handle the huge tankers that have started to cruise the oceans. Quite a few of these post-World War II giants cannot get through the Panama Canal, and there are indications that even bigger surface tankers may be coming.

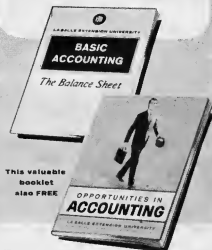
On the other hand, the February 1963 issue of "Ship-Shore News" reports that the Maritime Administration's study of immense 101,000-ton sub-tankers is now being linked to a new plan for underwater fuel depots. This scheme calls for a Submerged Crude Oil Terminal System (SCOTS). The underwater tanker would deliver the oil to an off-shore pumping station on the ocean floor, from where it would be pushed through pipes to refineries on the surface at the coast. The idea of pumping oil ashore is not new, for during the June 1944 invasion of Normandy a secret project called PLUTO provided a "pipeline under the ocean" to move petroleum from the shores of Britain to the French coast.

Experts say that the new SCOTS idea and tanker-sub would actually be cheaper and more efficient than present surface craft, for the underwater fuel carriers can unload and load so much faster that their "turn-around time" is only a fifth that of the most modern 1963 surface tanker. From a military point of view, the underwater tanker is immensely safer and much less vulnerable than craft on the surface where enemy aircraft and rockets may hit at any instant.

(6) COMMANDO CRAFT

Undersea vessels to deliver UDT teams or platoons of commandos to enemy coastal positions are inevitable. In fact, the present submarines are already handling such duties on a modest scale. Tomorrow, there will be special fast "boats" for racing in close to a hostile harbor or fleet anchorage that must be blasted. These "tip-and-run" raids may involve only half a dozen frogmen on two sea sleds cruising in to kidnap an enemy general, or they may call for 80 to 100 commandos shooting their way into a heavily guarded poison-gas or

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rocket factory to destroy it.

The Italian "Octopus" design is only one of four types of commando subs proposed for raiding parties. Another model discussed at the 1962 Stockholm Maritime Conference featured long metal "arms" to sweep ahead of the hull, a device to protect the craft from mines or underwater obstacles.

Commando submarines may also be used to bring in swimmers who will rig magnetic mines to ships, drydocks, bridge supports and tunnels dug under the harbor.

All this adds up to an amazing picture of what future fleets and naval warfare are likely to be. Waterproof, amphibious, aluminum personnel carriers trundling quietly out of 900-foot-long transport submarines some 80 feet below the surface, forming up in squadrons with frogmen on sea sleds guiding them ashore. Underwater battleships lobbing scores of missiles from more than 2,000 miles away while zig-zagging at 40 or 50 knots. Submarine carriers fighting off enemy "killer boats" while the steam-catapults hurl 1,200 M.P.H. fighter bombers into the air in a steady stream. Scuba divers with compressed-air bazookas trying to blast huge undersea tankers. These are only a few samples.

The U.S. Navy is already expanding its submarine fleet at a terrific rate. The money has been appropriated, the contracts signed. It may be a decade before the designs for the sub-surface carriers and troop transports are perfected, but most experts are confident that such craft will be standard items in the major navies before the end of the 1980's. The missile and the nuclear warhead—the same two items that have driven the Air Force to build so many underground command posts and bury its Minuteman ICBMs in reinforced subterranean "silos"—have made this extraordinary shift necessary.

Fortunately for the Free World, the capable admirals directing America's battle fleets are facing this fundamental change realistically. By the day after tomorrow, the vast and varied American undersea fleet will be one of the greatest—perhaps the greatest—atomic "strike force" on earth. It will also be a tremendous deterrent to any would-be aggressor. Literally millions of times more powerful than existing surface squadrons, these submarines should discourage any sane Soviet admiral or commissar from even dreaming about the possibilities of any World War III. Beyond any doubt, the U.S. undersea squadrons would turn the dream into a numbing nuclear nightmare. •

'Cyclops' Lookout Post

(Continued from page 17)

in the galley, lifted the lids off hatches fore and aft and stared down at the mounds of dead fish.

The officer in charge nodded curtly. Three men came forward and blasted the fish with their machine pistols in a neat, methodical pattern, as the Italians watched with cold, bitter eyes.

"Why do you destroy our catch this way?" protested the skipper. "What have we done to you?"

"Ponza is a sensitive military area," the German officer barked. "We can't take chances. Who knows? You might be bringing American commandos to the island."

"For what?" The skipper began gesticulating wildly. "We fish, we throw nets and catch herring. *Italian herring!*" He slumped down, moaning and clapping the sides of his head. "We're loyal, and you shoot up our catch. Three days at sea, lost. What's my kids gonna eat now, you tell me?"

The German officer shrugged. "They can eat herring and keep the bullets for souvenirs." He gestured for his men to return to the patrol boat, then reached into his pocket and pulled out a handful of German marks. "Here," he said gruffly. "For the kids."

As the patrol boat pulled off into the darkness, the skipper leaned over the rail and shouted, "Grazie, grazie molto" at the retreating ship. A head popped up out of the water just below him. The skipper hissed, the head disappeared, then came up a moment later on the blind side, to be joined by two others. The fisherman hauled three dripping wet men in sleek frogman's "dry" suits up onto the deck.

Lt. Aldo Murray, USN, wiped his face with a towel, looked at his waterproof watch, and grinned. "Three minutes," he said.

They all lined the railing to watch. As the seconds ticked off, the fog swirled in, blanketing the trawler, then settled and dissipated. There wasn't a sound to be heard, save the slapping of water on the wood hull. The moon came out of its cloud cover and drenched them suddenly in a spill of cold-blue light.

"There she is," somebody shouted, and all leaned forward, staring at the diminishing form of the German patrol boat. A moment later there was a vivid burst of light shooting fifty feet in the air. Almost instantaneously came the crack and the concussion waves, and the wind stirred. The men cheered briefly as the German patrol boat shriveled in the curling flames, dipped its prow and sank.

"There won't be any survivors," Murray said quietly, but firmly.

"He wasn't a bad man," the skipper said regretfully. "He gave me money for my kids."

"Snap out of it," Murray said. "We've got work to do." The skipper nodded. He barked out a command. The trawler's engines chugged into life, ran in perpendicular, turned a final leg and broached the island of Ponza, then dropped anchor.

The frogmen dropped into a pair of rubberized rafts lashed together. Murray and the skipper arranged for a rendezvous at that same spot for 0500 hours. The three frogmen then aimed the rafts towards the promontory where the Ponza lighthouse rose tall and tapering into the night sky, and began paddling.

The Ponza lighthouse was the target. To the Germans it was worth half a dozen divisions. To the Allies, it meant the success of the Anzio landing, scheduled for dawn, less than six hours away . . .

THE Ponza lighthouse, before the war, had been used to warn shipping away from the low-lying promontory and to warn of treacherous reefs that extended half a mile out to sea. As the Allies swept across North Africa and up into Sicily, over-running southern Italy as far north as Naples, the Germans found a better use for it. The lighthouse served as a lookout post and transmitting center whose mission was to warn German High Command in Rome of impending Allied naval activity.

Any attempt to send a landing force north past Ponza would be sighted and the word passed immediately to Rome. The Ponza lookout, therefore, enabled Germany to keep a skeleton force on the beaches of Anzio and Nettuno, freeing at least six divisions for general reserve duty, able to move at an instant's notice to any and all danger points, from the beaches inland to Cassino.

Naval intelligence realized that a guerrilla team that knocked out this sensitive "Cyclops Eye" would leave the Germans blind on their right (seaward) flank. A landing at Anzio could then catch the Krauts unaware, and might very well drive all the way to Rome before meeting resistance in strength, before the powerful German reserve divisions could be committed.

They gave the job to Lt. Aldo Murray, who fit their bill of particulars perfectly. He was then unassigned, attached to a free-floating officer's pool

based in Naples (and therefore could easily be spared for special duty) he had behind-the-lines experience (in North Africa where, among other things, he had blown a power station at Port Lyautey, and had engineered a meeting between GHQ officers and the local Vichy French military leaders which produced an "assisted" landing, completely bloodless) and his extensive training included UDT school.

Murray, born Aldo Ponte-Murra at Trastevere, Italy in 1917, also spoke fluent German and Italian. This was the last of the requirements for the job, which he was told was entirely voluntary.

"I've heard that line before," he wryly told the naval intelligence officer briefing him. "Three times before."

Commander Vern Swenson, a tall, balding, saturnine man shrugged. "Nevertheless, it's true. You don't have to go."

"I'm regular Navy. Would you it look on my service record?"

"It's not noted."

Grinning easily, Swenson proceeded to fill Murray in on the details. There were two targets, actually, rather than one. There was, first of all, the lighthouse; "Cyclops" itself. And there was, secondly, the Ponza docks, where two German patrol boats tied in. Murray not only had to knock out Germany's eye in the Tyrrhenian Sea, he also had to prevent the patrol boats from carrying the news to the mainland.

"Since you'll be working less than six hours in front of the landing," Swenson noted, "sailboats won't be a problem. By the time they reach the mainland, we'll already own Anzio."

Murray nodded. Swenson went over the raiding party complement, which included two enlisted seamen, UDT experts both, and the team's equipment: a pair of rubberized rafts, explosives (including plastics, pole and satchel charges, TNT with fuses and detonators) and a small supply of highly unstable primary HE known to sappers as "Sudden Death." Plus, of course, grenades and sidearms.

"That should cover all eventualities."

"And how do we get there and back?" Murray asked.

Swenson stood up. "You get there via an Italian fishing trawler. As for getting back, you'll have the trawler, your own prayers, and my crossed fingers..."

THE pair of rubberized rafts silently landed in a sheltered cove about 100 yards north of the Ponza lighthouse. Seaman I/C Abe Lasky, a thick-necked, heavy-browed former long-

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shoreman from San Francisco bounded out at the first scrape and dashed for an outcropping of rocks with his Thompson to cover the landing and unloading.

Murray and Seaman I/C Eugene Kucks, a young Georgia boy, feverishly tore away the vinyl, waterproof wrappings. Then the three of them, lugging their equipment with them, started up the beach towards the lighthouse, along the shoreline a distance, then skirting up past the dunes into a weedy clump of waist-high grass, then into a patch of scrubby, wind-swept dwarf trees.

About 20 yards away was the lighthouse. In front of it was a German staff car, and lounging against the hood was a German soldier. Murray crawled forward to the edge of the trees and, after making sure there were no other guards, fitted a silencer to his special Beretta .22 and, cradling the pistol in both hands, sighted carefully and fired.

The German slid silently down the left front fender. Even before he hit the ground, Lasky was upon him. With blood trickling down his chin, the German tried to protest, lifting his head feebly and holding his arm up, and then Lasky's sheath knife silenced him forever. At sixty-second intervals, Murray and Kucks scampered across the moon-drenched swatch of open ground, while Lasky propped the dead German into the driver's seat of the staff car with a lit cigarette dangling out of his mouth.

Murray tried the heavy oak door of the lighthouse. It creaked a bit, but

opened easily. Stepping inside, he found himself in a dank, damp circular room. A twisting, spiral metal staircase curled up and around, reaching to the rooms at the top of the lighthouse.

There were faint sounds trickling down from above, but too faint for Murray to make out. A finger to his lips, he gestured for Lasky and Kucks to step in. After a quick conference, Kucks stepped outside again and began placing charges against the base of the lighthouse and leading fuse lines back to the clump of dwarf trees, where he waited while Murray and Kucks swiftly ascended the stairs.

Reaching the oblong cut in the floor where the staircase ended, Murray could make out what the sounds were. He turned to Lasky with raised eyebrows. There was, no mistaking it, a party in progress; girls' voices laughing, glasses tinkling, a phonograph blaring away.

Leaning forward, Murray whispered, "I hope you didn't forget our invitation, Lasky."

Patting his Thompson, Lasky grinned.

Bounding up into the room, Murray and Lasky flattened against two facing walls, covering with their Thompsons, shouting "Hande hoche, hande hoche," and the startled Germans around the room froze. The girls, about half a dozen of them, most skimpily dressed, screamed and threw themselves to the floor.

One SS officer tried reaching for his holstered pistol. Murray fingered a short burst, sending the man sprawl-

ing over the arm of a couch into an ungainly heap on top of one of the girls, who, seeing the blood spurting out of the SS man's jugular, screamed and passed out.

The other Germans raised their hands, and, as Murray instructed, leaned against the walls with their hands, their feet some distance out, so all their weight was on their arms. With Lasky covering them, Murray broke into two smaller rooms on the same floor—one a bathroom, one a kitchen—both empty, then asked, "What's upstairs?"

He slugged one of the Germans with the butt of his Tommy. "I said, what's upstairs, and I want an answer." The German looked frightened, opened his mouth, then shut it.

One of the girls stepped forward, introducing herself as Annette. A tall, long-legged brunette wearing only a filmy lace nightgown, she clasped her hands and pleaded, "No war here, please. No war. This is only a house for pleasure. Upstairs are only bedrooms. No war."

Leaving Lasky behind, Murray bounded up the stairs and into a dark hallway. There were three doors. At the first one, he tried the knob. Inside the room were a German officer and an Italian girl. As Murray was herding them downstairs, a second door opened, and a naked arm stuck out holding a Luger. Whirling, Murray fired, stitching the door. There was a moan, then a body came sagging out into the hall on its hands and knees. The man looked up once, grinning, then he shrugged his shoulders and his eyes filmed over and he dropped to the floor, dead. In the room behind him a naked girl was cowering against one wall, her eyes wide and frightened.

In the third room there was an old lady, the madame of the house. She stood by a table on which were heaped mounds and mounds of coins, and she held her arms out as if to protect her money. Murray didn't even bother taking her downstairs. He just shut the door and locked it, pocketing the key.

There was one more flight, up to the tower itself, where the giant searchlight made its incessant, obsessive 360 degree turns. There was nobody there.

Murray cursed. Once again, he searched from top to bottom, but obviously, military intelligence had once again gone SNAFU. This was no lookout post. There was no transmitter anywhere, nor any signs that it ever had been there. "Cyclops" had turned out to be nothing more or less than a military brothel. Murray had to admit that was a clever bit. If the



Allies did raid it, they'd get only some Italian playgirls and off-duty German officers.

He talked it over in whispers with Lasky in the main room. They decided to grill the Germans, to get the true location of "Cyclops," but after about ten minutes of this, not one had broken down, not even after threats and a bit of rough stuff.

"Well, we'll just have to look for it," Murray said. He eyed the room. There were six girls and four German officers. Murray realized that for the safety of the mission, he'd have to kill them all. It made him squeamish to think of it, but he knew there was no alternative. As he was about to lift his Tommy, the girl Annette stepped forward out of a group of three girls who had been whispering together.

Coming close, she knelted by his side and, cupping her hand to her mouth, spoke secretively.

"Capitano, I talked to all the girls here. We don't want to die, you know? We want to make a deal," Murray listened, with his eyes glued to the low neckline of her nightgown, watching the rise and fall of her full, healthy breasts with almost cool detachment, as she explained that none of the girls were Fascist sympathisers. All had been virtually imprisoned on Ponza when their madame, Clara Genaro, made a deal with the Germans.

"They don't let us leave. We want to leave. We all want to go to Naples." She wrung her hands, pleadingly. "We're for the Allies, but we don't none of us want to die, you know?" Murray nodded. "I make a deal."

"What kind of deal?" he asked.

"We know where is that radio you look for. We have gone there, to be with the men who work it. A very secret, well-guarded area in the hills. We can take you there."

"And what do you want in exchange?"

The girl heaved her great bosom and grabbed Murray's arm, and hissed, "You take us back with you. That's all we ask. You take us with you on your boat and we will gladly help you against the Nazis, the Fascists."

Murray thought it over. At first it seemed like madness, but the more he thought about it, the more reasonable it became. Gradually, a plan formed in his mind.

"Are you sure all the girls agree?"

She nodded her head vigorously. "All, all. Here only Madame Genaro is Fascist sympathiser."

Murray nodded. "She's safe, locked in her room." The girl wet her lips



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and waited. She smiled tenuously, nervously. Murray smiled back.

"Okay," he said, "it's a deal."

IN order to get the girls temporarily out of the way, he ordered them upstairs, telling them to gather whatever few belongings they wanted to take with them. When they were gone, he picked up a bottle of wine and began pouring it over one of the German officers. Lasky looked puzzled. Murray gestured to the window, then a pushing motion. Lasky got it, and joined in with a bottle of brandy. Murray's idea was, simply, to make it appear that the Germans had fallen out during a wild party—and not calling attention to the presence of American commandos on the island.

When the four German officers were dripping with the liquor, Murray pushed the first one to the window and grabbing him by the collar and waist, hoisted him out over the ledge. Caught by surprise, the German offered no resistance till he felt himself falling, then he screamed and clawed for the sill, and kept clawing until he landed heavily 40 feet down.

The others began whimpering, and shouting. One made a dash for the stairway. Lasky knocked him cold with the butt of his Tommy, then Murray conked the other two on the skull and, one by one, they went out the window.

"This is lousy work," Lasky said. "I hate it."

"It's all lousy work," Murray said curtly.

The girls returned, each with a little handbag stuffed with underwear and cosmetics and odds and ends.

"Where are the Germans?" Annette asked.

Before Murray could answer, the muzzle of a machine-gun poked through the cut in the floor, and everybody went flat.

"Lt. Murray, sir?" It was Kucks. "Everything okay?"

"You dumb hayseed," Lasky roared, "you almost got your head knocked off!"

"I got worried." Kucks peered around, blinking. "What's going on? Ain't we going' to blow this here lighthouse?"

"No," Murray said. "We ain't. We're getting out, right now."

"Better hurry," Kucks drawled laconically. "There's German trucks coming up the road right now. Thought I'd better tell you, is why I came up."

Murray sprang for the window, saw four armored cars come squealing to a halt and disgorge Wehrmacht soldiers who deployed through the wooded areas. One of the trucks,

mounting a loudspeaker, blared, "We know you're in there, Americans. You will surrender now for your own sakes."

Murray looked mystified. "How the hell did they know we were here?"

Annette clapped her hands in horror. "The telephone. Madame Genaro has a telephone in her room."

Cursing himself for his stupidity, Murray sent Kucks upstairs to take care of Madame Genaro, then began firing with his Tommy out the window. Lasky knocked out the kitchen window glass and joined in, as the girls squealed unhappily and sprawled on the floor. The Germans had set up a machine-gun, which was chipping away at the cement around the windows, keeping Murray and Lasky back. Several Germans tried a dash for the lighthouse door, but Murray dropped them with a long burst.

It was a bad situation. With the machine-gun covering the entrance, they were trapped in the lighthouse. Murray tried skying a grenade, but the gun was out of range. His heart sank. Unless they could get the gun, there was no out. And no doubt, soon the Germans would send for reinforcements.

Annette crawled over to him and asked if she could do anything to help. He started to shake his head no, his eyes caught a glimpse of her bra under a sheer blouse, and the idea came to him.

"Yes," he yelled, "By God, yes. It's crazy, but . . . listen, what kind of brassieres you girls wear?" The girl looked at him strangely. "No joke," he went on impatiently. "Is there elastic?" She nodded. "Good. Tell the girls I want them to cut off the elastic from all their bras and sew them together, make one long band of elastic, with a brassiere cup at one end." He slapped her rear. "Hurry, damnit, do as I say."

She scurried away. There was some heated discussion, then Annette shouted, "They say underwear costs plenty money."

Exasperated, Murray yelled, "Damn it, the U.S. government will reimburse them. Hurry, for God's sake!"

The machine gun was still firing. Kucks came down and joined Lasky in the kitchen. He'd left Madame Genaro sprawled across her piles of money, her throat slit. Turning away from the window, he watched the girls slip out of their dresses, shrug off their bras and begin snipping away at them. Kucks decided this was the strangest mission he would ever be on, for sure. It would make a great story to tell back home.

Murray began sweating. Every minute or so, he popped up and triggered

a short burst, just to keep the machine-gun crew wary, and to pick off the few troopers who tried sprinting for the lighthouse door. Finally, the girls finished sewing the bands of elastic together, and Annette brought the odd-looking device to Murray. He grabbed it, tested it for tension, and decided it would work. Pronging one end onto a jutting nail at the edge of the window, he crabbed backwards, stretching it, and cradled a grenade inside the brassiere cup at the other end. He pulled the pin, adjusted the trajectory so it wouldn't strike the wall and bounce back into the room, and then let go. The grenade whizzed out, and described an arc, and then fell.

The first one was long. Exulting, Murray sent off three more in quick succession, and the third landed square on the gun, knocking it out of commission. Quickly, Murray herded the girls down the stairs, and with Lasky providing covering fire from the kitchen, raced them into the brush. Then Lasky and Murray and Kucks spread out and deployed around to the Germans' rear and began picking them off. There had been about fifteen to begin with. At least eight had already been killed, and in less than ten minutes, the three frogman coolly picked off the remainder.

THEN Murray set his plan in motion. The three Americans donned German uniforms and crowded into a pair of vehicles with the six girls. They took the staff car and one of the armored cars and set off down the road towards Ponza town, following Annette's directions. About two miles along, she had them turn off onto a dirt road which grew progressively narrower, curving up and around a succession of hillocks, until they were gunning along a cliffside path towards the highest peak on the island, an elevation of about 800 feet above sea level.

At the wheel of the staff car, Murray drove silently, conscious of the pressure of Annette's breast against his arm. He glanced at her. She was a pert, red-lipped girl with large sultry eyes. Under other circumstances . . . Almost as if she were reading his thoughts, she let her hand drop onto his leg, and squeezed it. The car almost went over the cliff.

"Sorry, capitano," she said.

"The hell you are," he grinned.

She smiled mischievously.

A pair of German guards materialized out of the darkness and halted the small convoy. Annette stuck her head out the window.

"We are here under orders of Colonel Hauptmeyer," she said, and

winking, added, "you know what for."

Recognizing her, the guards opened the gates and passed them through. Kucks dropped off the tailgate of the armored car, and, while the two guards were busy closing the gates, their backs to him, gave the first a round in the back from Murray's silencer-Beretta, and jumped the second. There was a short struggle, then Kucks clamped one arm around the Kraut's neck and jerked back powerfully, until he heard a snap. Letting go, Kucks found he was shaking violently. After a minute he calmed down and dragged the two bodies into the bushes, then took their place at the guard post.

Murray and Lasky in the meantime drove the two trucks another half-mile onto a gravelled circle fronting a small, hastily constructed two-story shack. The girls spilled out.

"See if you can get them to come outside," Murray whispered, and Annette and the others began shouting and cooing, and gambling on the lawn. There was a fountain in the middle of the circle, a ruin of a former mansion, out of order, but full to the brim with rainwater. Annette shrugged out of her clothes, and, stark naked, began dancing around the rim of the fountain. Windows opened in the shack, and Germans began hollering down. The front door opened. Half a dozen soldiers came out to join the girls. One of them ripped off his clothes and, grabbing Annette, hurled himself into the fountain.

After a minute, Murray and Lasky sauntered casually into the shack. On the first floor, they found one German reading a comic book, lying on a couch. They stuck a knife in his ribs and left him there with the comic book covering his face. On the second floor the same to a room guarded by a pair of SS men.

"Verboten," one said, gesturing to the room. "The transmission will soon be over." Murray nodded pleasantly, lit a cigarette and leaned against the wall. One of the SS men gestured for a cigarette. Murray handed him one.

"Who do you wish to see? Colonel Hauptmayer?"

Murray nodded.

"Soon. Transmission will be over soon and the Colonel will then see you."

Lasky looked at Murray nervously. Murray just winked back. He wanted to wait for the transmission to end, rather than just finishing off the job immediately, so that German mainland headquarters wouldn't know their transmitter had been destroyed. At least not until the next time they tried to contact, the following night.

Outside, there were sounds of revelry. The girls were squealing happily, the soldiers were shouting and laughing. One of the guards asked what was going on, Murray told him the girls from the lighthouse had arrived.

"Oh, they're early this week," the guard said delightedly. "Hans, lend me five marks," he asked his buddy. His buddy snorted. The door opened, and a German colonel stepped out, accompanied by a junior officer. The colonel, a tall, plump, red-faced Bavarian, asked Murray what he wanted, and Murray, after a pause, trained his Tommy on the colonel. Lasky had his trained on the guards.

"I want you all to step inside with me," Murray said pleasantly.

The colonel began blustering, so Murray just jabbed the muzzle of his Tommy into the man's plump belly and shoved him backwards into the room. One entire wall, made of glass, had an unobstructed view of the sea. Lasky herded the other three in. On a table was the transmitter. With the four Germans disarmed, lying flat on the floor, Murray pulled the pin on a thermite grenade and raced out the door with Lasky. They both threw themselves flat, and when the blast came, it rocked the jerry-built house.

Opening the door again, Murray saw that the transmitter was just a rubbed mass of twisted metal. Two of the Germans had been killed. The colonel was sitting up, dazed, holding a hand to his bleeding cheek. One of the guards had struggled to his feet and was trying to hold his left arm on. It was dangling from a thread. Murray finished off the guard, then dragged the colonel along with them as a hostage.

BURSTING out of the front door with the colonel in front of him Murray shouted for the group of Germans standing around wondering what had happened to raise their hands. Most complied, but a few went for their guns, Lasky cutting them down with a spraying burst.

The girls all boarded the armored car while Lasky rounded up the Germans and kept them covered on the front porch, and Murray dragged out a load of "Sudden Death" from his pouch and took the wheel of the staff car, sitting Colonel Hauptmayer by his side. Annette came out of the armored car and slid into the rear seat of the command car.

"I want to stay with you," she said. "You are a brave capitano. I like you."

"What about these guys?" Lasky shouted from the porch.

"Don't ask dumb questions," Murray shouted back, and Lasky, shrug-



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ging his shoulders, began spraying about him. It was over in less than a minute, but Lasky began throwing up and they had to wait another few minutes for him, before they could start down the road again.

The colonel had passed out from his wound and was slumped over the dashboard. Murray propped him up, then turned and looked at Annette.

"You know, I don't like doing this."

She nodded.

"You understand me?"

She nodded again, and took his hand, squeezing it. "Yes. I know. You look very sick. Later, I will make you feel better."

Murray turned around and kissed her harshly. She gasped and leaned forward, then began nuzzling his neck. "Soon it'll be over," she whispered. "Very soon."

Disengaging, Murray started the car down the road. At the gate house, he slowed down and Kucks swung aboard. In the second car, Lasky was driving, and all the girls were huddled in the rear. The two cars sped down the twisting road, arriving finally at the main road to Ponza town.

"Off the main street goes a road down the hillside to the docks," Annette explained, "and there will be the patrol boat."

Murray gunned down the road. About half a mile along, he saw flashlights blinking, and as he closed in, he saw that a barricade had been erected. Two German soldiers were waving all traffic down. Evidently either the business at the lighthouse or the explosion up at the lookout post had alerted the Germans that something was going on.

Pressing on the accelerator, Murray shouted, "Hold on, we're going through," and raced the car up to the barricade, a pair of saw-horses, and rammed past the startled guards. There were some rifle shots, but soon the powerful Mercedes was out of effective range.

"Lasky's still with us," Kucks said, turning to peer out the rear window.

But he's weaving. Maybe he got a tire hit."

Murray pulled over to the side of the road and waited for Lasky to pull abreast. Everybody piled out of the armored car.

"They got a wheel," Lasky gasped.

"What do we do now?"

Murray shoved the colonel out of the car. Murray didn't know exactly when, but the German officer had quietly died while they were on the road. "Everybody in, quickly." A moment later, all nine of them in the Mercedes, they careened wildly down the road at more than 80 m.p.h., racing into the center of Ponza town scattering chickens and knocking over carts full of hay. The town was practically deserted, save for roving squads of German soldiers on the lookout for the Americans. As Murray skidded around corners, rifle shots followed them.

"There," Murray shouted, pointing, "down that street are the docks."

Murray flicked the wheel around and raced the car down the steep incline. Directly ahead, a squad of German soldiers flattened against the houses on either side and began bucking off shots. One headlight went out, then the other. A bullet cracked the windshield, splintering it, and Murray

instinctively ducked. The car swerved, bounced off the curb and scraped against the side of a house before Murray got it under control again. He had splinters all over his face.

"You're bleeding," Annette gasped. "Blood all over your face."

Ignoring her, Murray bulled ahead, shot past the squad of German soldiers and aimed for the dock. The Mercedes jolted as it went off the curbside and up onto the wooden dock, and Murray lost control and rammed the car against a pier stanchion. His head snapped forward, hitting the steering wheel, and for a minute, he blacked out.

He woke up with Annette screaming in his ear and shaking him. The girls had already piled out of the car and were diving for cover. Lasky and Kucks had hit the dirt and were firing back up the hill at the Germans. The patrol boat, tied in at the dock, was attempting to stay clear of the fighting. They wanted only to untie and put out to sea, and notify the mainland that American guerrillas had raided Ponza.

Murray knew that at all costs, he had to prevent that. Putting two and two together, the Germans would almost certainly guess that this raid was tied in with an assault landing to the north, and would rush defenders to the Anzio and Nettuno beaches.

With his head ringing, Murray staggered out of the car. German sailors had already cast off their lines. The patrol boat was beginning to chug slowly away from the pier. Desperately, Murray began raking the boat with fire, but all this accomplished was to keep German gunners away from the deck gun. The boat itself continued to drift away.

Then Murray remembered the "Sudden Death" on the front seat of the Mercedes. This highly unstable explosive didn't need any fuse or detonator, could be thrown like grenades. Scrambling, Murray opened the package and lifted the vials of the stuff gingerly out of their special casing, then began trotting forward towards the end of the dock. A German came out on deck with a rifle and began sniping at him. Wincing, Murray gritted his teeth. He didn't dare stop, didn't dare duck. He had to keep moving forward. He'd only get one chance to throw the stuff.

One shot splintered the wooden dock at his feet, then another, then Murray had reached the end of the dock and, desperately, he heaved his handful of high explosive and pitched off the end of the pier into the water.

He went under, the shock of the cold water numbing him, and a moment later, felt the concussive blast



like a slap, a giant hand clapping against him from head to toe. When he came up and broke clear of the water's surface, he saw that the toss had been accurate. It had hit the patrol boat at the water line, had torn a great, gaping hole into which tons of water were pouring. The patrol boat was settling rapidly into the water, and her crew was already beginning to jump over the side.

For the first time, Murray began to feel a slight relaxing of the tension that had built up in him, until his nerves, taut as piano wires, felt like they were about to snap.

THE mission, at least, had been accomplished. Now all they had to worry about was getting home. The water was full of struggling figures heading towards the shore, and above him, on the dock, Murray saw that the girls and Lasky were being edged back towards the waterline. Then, inexplicably, Murray saw the girls begin peeling their clothes off until they were all completely naked, and then, one by one, drop splashing into the water. Kucks and Lasky continued to fire.

Coming up gasping, Annette shouted that they could swim for one of the boats tied to buoys out in the harbor, and row out to sea. That would be their only chance. The girls started stroking, breasting the rolling, gentle surf.

Turning, Murray shouted, "Lasky, Kucks, come on, jump for it," then turned back and began flailing powerfully out to sea. Ironically, the water was full of two groups, one heading for shore, one heading out to sea, enemies, yet there were no incidents, though they passed right through each other. Everybody was too intent on saving his own skin.

When they reached the first several boats tied to buoys, the girls began clambering in. Murray helped them, then untied the lines holding the boat, climbed aboard and hooked the oars into their locks. A six-oared long-boat, it easily held the girls and Murray, and even when Lasky came spouting up and was hauled in, there was no overcrowding.

"That dumb hayseed," Lasky gasped. "I pleaded with him to jump, I said 'Jump, that's an order' but he wouldn't come." There were tears in the grizzled seamen's eyes. "That dumb hick. He wouldn't jump. He stayed behind to cover us."

Murray waited another five minutes, but Kucks failed to show. Then he started the girls rowing; and they headed for the rendezvous with the trawler. A first the girls complained about the hard work, but when they

saw that it kept their naked bodies from getting chilled, they rowed happily, and almost rhythmically, singing and humming together.

In the prow, Lasky huddled up unhappily and tried to forget that Kucks was probably dead.

At the stern, Murray also was alone with his thoughts. He consoled himself that it could have been worse. They might all have been killed. The mission itself might have failed. He kept remembering the screams of all the men he'd killed, and he began to shake. He made himself a promise: service record or no service record, he'd never again accept one of these "volunteer" missions.

He felt somebody crawl over to him. It was Annette. He turned. She was crouched, her lithe, tawny body glinting in the moonlight, her lips parted, her pulse beating visibly at her throat. Sighing, she whispered, "their backs are to us," and that was all Murray needed. He pulled her roughly to him, then, their lips glued, their bodies hotly embraced, he worked at washing away some of the pain and the madness of war...

When the Italian trawler reached the rendezvous shortly after 0500 hours, they found the drifting row-boat. To the amazement of the crew, they hauled out of the sea a pair of American frogmen and a glittering half-dozen milk-white, shivering Italian bordello wenches dressed only in their gosseumbups.

It was, the skipper later chuckled, by far the best catch he'd ever netted.

On their way south to Naples, they passed some of the outlying escort destroyers of the north-bound Anzio transport fleet. The landing, partly due to the success of Murray's mission, was practically uncontested, and was one of the least bloody of the war. It was weeks before Germany's reserve divisions were committed to this sector.

Murray, Lasky and Kucks (posthumously) received Navy Crosses for their work that night, and Murray, true to his vow, never again accepted another such mission. He lost track of the six girls shortly afterwards, as they disappeared into the swirling masses of people in a chaotic, post-war Italy, but he'll always be grateful to Annette. He credits her with restoring a little of the sanity the war had taken from him.

"One thing," he adds, "I'll certainly never in my whole life get together with a girl under stranger circumstances. And oh, by the way, the government honored my promise to the girls. Each one of them received, compliments of Uncle Sam, half a dozen elastic brassieres."

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FBI's "Ten Most Wanted"

(Continued from page 19)

when the "Ten Most Wanted Fugitives" list officially commemorated its 13th anniversary, not one of the original top 10 had succeeded in remaining at large. Nor had the overwhelming majority of those who followed them.

The average number of days before 164 of the nation's toughest and/or wildest criminals remained at large before falling into the clutches of the FBI was 149.

THE list had its actual beginning more than 13 years ago in 1947, when the International News Service, the Associated Press and the United Press started to send feature stories about leading criminals to member newspapers.

International News Service kept at it most consistently and in 1950 FBI Director Hoover found this publicity so helpful in capturing notorious fugitive criminals that he expanded the program.

"Sixty five of the fugitives on the list who have been brought to justice were located as a direct result of information provided by alert, law-abiding citizens," he explains.

"These successes resulted from data concerning the fugitives appearing in newspapers, magazines, on television and radio programs and the wanted posters concerning these fugitives which are distributed nationally by the FBI.

"This program, in effect, has brought every man, woman and child interested in good law enforcement into the search for the Nation's most dangerous criminals."

Since the inception of the program Hoover has determinedly held the line on two ground rules he laid down. One is to protect the anonymity of informants. He has doggedly refused to open FBI files or disclose sources of information to even top federal officials. The late Senator Joseph McCarthy, back in 1954, tried everything in his bag of legal tricks to get Hoover to unblock FBI files to his committee. McCarthy scored a notable failure.

Hoover's other basic rule is that his G-men carefully and courteously listen to all information from any source which volunteers it and to check it out no matter how far-fetched it may sound.

"The most effective weapon against crime is cooperation, a combining of the efforts of all law enforcement agents with the support and understanding of the American people," he maintains. "No police agency is so big

or so small that it should not welcome this cooperation."

Neither Hoover nor any of his G-men are surprised by the unusual sources from which they may receive important tips.

Take, for example, the case of the young St. Paul, Minnesota couple who went to Washington, D.C. on their honeymoon. Among other places of interest they visited FBI headquarters. One of the photos in the "Top Ten" display reminded the bride of a neighbor back home.

"He looks exactly like Charley Gruber who rented that small house down the street," she said.

The husband looked skeptical. According to the poster the fugitive was Hugh Bion Morse, wanted for burglary and assault with intent to murder his estranged wife in California.

"Now why would a character like that decide to settle down in a quiet neighborhood in St. Paul?" said the husband, "I'm sure you are mistaken."

His bride wasn't mistaken. Soon after she voiced her suspicion to a G-man at FBI headquarters, field agents in Minneapolis went into action.

"Within minutes FBI agents were at the address furnished," said Hoover. "They quickly arrested Morse and subsequently heard his startling admission of several brutal, unsolved murders which have since led to his imprisonment for life. In deference to long standing FBI policy, the identity of the alert citizen was not revealed."

As another example there is the case of a Jersey City high school student named Bill who, like a multitude of other teenagers, is fond of jazz.

One day, back in 1961, he read a news story in the Hackensack "Record" about a Reading, Massachusetts, trumpet player named Philip Alfred La Normandin who had held up a grocery store manager at pistol point and fled to the woods where, surrounded by local police he had escaped in a desperate gun battle.

What made the story stick in Bill's mind was the fact that the trumpet player was three-fingered.

Some time later the oil burner in Bill's house was cleaned by a service man named John Callan. The youngster noticed that he had two fingers missing from his right hand. Despite the fact that it seemed far-fetched Bill phoned the FBI.

G-men checked Callan out. They found he had arrived in Jersey City six months before and obtained a job

with the oil burner company a few days after La Normandin had vanished from Reading.

This much could have been mere coincidence. But when they searched his room they found a loaded .45 automatic pistol and a trumpet.

Thanks to Bill's tip La Normandin alias Callan is no longer on the "Top Ten" list. He's back in Massachusetts. Behind bars.

As still another instance there is the case of Kenneth Eugene "Screw-driver" Cindle whose police record for drunken driving, jail break, forgery and armed robbery goes all the way back to 1930.

Cindle didn't make the "Top Ten" list until October 12th, 1959, when he walked into a Wichita, Kansas, restaurant with a confederate, menaced the cashier and patrons with a .12 gauge shotgun and walked out with several hundred dollars.

On April 1, 1961, an onion grower in Lubbock, Texas, turned on a TV program which showed the "Top Ten." One of them was Cindle.

"I've seen that guy somewhere before," he remarked to his wife.

"By Godfrey! He's the one who runs the tractor over on the Burnett ranch!"

The onion grower called the FBI. Cindle was picked up on the same day and taken back to Wichita to stand trial for armed robbery.

THERE has long been a popular belief, fostered by the movies, TV and fiction that the big time criminal, the killer or bank robber has nerves of steel and when he takes it on the lam he's ready to shoot it out with his pursuers if cornered.

In some instances this has proven true, Special Agent Edward B. Shanahan, for instance, was shot to death by an automobile thief named Martin J. Durkin whom he was trying to arrest.

Special Agent Sam Cowley, who had been in charge of the Dillinger case, and Special Agent Herman E. Hollis both died in an exchange of bullets with "Baby Face" Nelson and a pal, John P. Chase whom they caught up with on a highway near Barrington, Illinois, and tried to arrest them. "Baby Face" was also killed in the desperate gun fight.

Over the years there have been other cases in which G-men and local law enforcement officers have been slain when closing in on trapped fugitives.

By and large, however, when a wanted criminal is placed on the "Top Ten" list it has a psychological effect on him. In the first place the nationwide publicity he receives makes him

too hot for other members of the underworld to hide. The refuge they provide is temporary at best and they're anxious to speed him on his way before they, too, are caught by the FBI.

In the second place some of the toughest characters who ever made the "Top Ten" list have cracked up under the strain of persistent publicity.

Lyndal Ray Smith is an example. On February 14, 1962, while serving a term in a Wisconsin prison for armed robbery he engineered a daring jail break and escaped to Milwaukee where he went into hiding. There, watching a local TV program, he saw his photo and his name listed among the "Top Ten."

Smith fled in increasing panic from one midwest city to another. He saw his "wanted" posters in post offices everywhere. He saw his photo on the TV screen in Chicago and then in Cleveland.

He headed East, arrived in Baltimore on March 13 and under an assumed name obtained a job as a bartender.

One week later he picked up a copy of the "Baltimore News-Post." There was his photo in a feature story about the "Top Ten." On the following day a similar feature article appeared in "The Evening Sun."

On March 22 Smith walked into the FBI field office and gave himself up.

"What's the use?" he complained. "You guys have the deck stacked against me. Sooner or later someone seeing one of these stories will spot me and turn me in. It's been like that in every damn place I've been to. I might as well quit now."

Carmine Di Biase, listed on the "Top Ten" for unlawful flight to avoid prosecution for murder was another tough guy who cracked under the publicity barrage. He finally gave in to his nerves and surrendered to the FBI through a New York City attorney.

A hardboiled killer named George William Krendich went to pieces so badly that he couldn't even summon up enough courage to surrender. He put his .45 to his head and shot himself to death in his hideout.

Still another big timer, Ernest Tait, way back in 1951 was one of the earliest criminals listed on the "Top Ten." When he was captured by G-men and sentenced a few months later he vowed he'd never be taken alive again.

Nine years later Tait made the list again. When he was captured the second time he was carrying a loaded .38 caliber revolver but made no attempt

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to reach for it.

"Ever since I was put on the list I've been seeing my picture everywhere," he said. "I keep looking over my shoulder for G-men all the time until I can't stand it. If you hadn't caught me I'd have given myself up."

HOOVER and his FBI have not always had this whole-hearted cooperation from the press, radio, TV stations, local police or a considerable segment of law abiding citizenry.

Starting as a youthful filing clerk Hoover has been with the Department of Justice for 45 years. During 38 of these years he has been head of the Bureau of Investigation which formally became the Federal Bureau of Investigation in 1935.

In the early days there was a tendency to glamorize big time gangsters and killers in the press and kids played "John Dillinger" in which they out-gunned the forces of law and order.

Hoover embarked on a nationwide crusade to de-glamorize criminals. He made numerous public appearances at civic, church and other group meetings where he branded romanticized killers like Dillinger as dirty yellow rats, vermin, scum, public enemies and originated the term "Public Enemy No. 1."

When Hoover was seen in an occasional night club, in company with Walter Winchell and other celebrities of the era the sincerity of his anti-crime appearances was interpreted as a bid for personal publicity.

Hoover bore the barbs and slurs in hurt silence. It was true he welcomed, even courted publicity. But for the FBI, not for himself. He was convinced that the best way to de-glamorize the criminal was to portray the G-man, collectively and anonymously, as the modern knight in shining armor victoriously combatting the forces of evil.

In doing so he laid himself wide open to attack as to his real motive for publicity. It happened, coincidentally at a time when Congress gave the FBI greater authority under the Fugitive Felon Act and he and his G-men began to help to solve many cases throughout the country which previously had been under the exclusive jurisdiction of State or municipal law enforcement authorities.

What followed was inevitable. There was a rising tide of protests from State and municipal police officials that "after we crack a much publicized case Hoover and his G-men move in to make the arrest and grab the credit."

Even the Secret Service and the Post Office Inspectors joined in some of the complaints and accusations.

A number of attempts were made to "debunk" Hoover, the most noteworthy being a Senate Appropriations Subcommittee hearing at which Tennessee's Senator McKellar acidly questioned him about his field experience and the number of arrests he had personally made.

"... And I understand, Mr. Hoover, that while you have been Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation for approximately 12 years, you, yourself, have never personally made, nor assisted in capturing a dangerous criminal," McKellar sneered.

Hoover's answer was to direct and participate in the capture, in New Orleans a month later, of Alvin Karpis who was wanted by the FBI for the \$100,000 ransom-kidnaping of wealthy William Hamm, Jr., of St. Paul. The police of several cities also were hunting for Karpis for questioning in connection with at least a half dozen gangster-style murders.

WHEN Hoover launched his "Top Ten" list in 1950 the press, led by the national news services, were solidly behind him.

Hoover made it quite clear that his organization had neither the authority nor inclination to participate in actual investigations of purely local crimes.

"To do so, in effect, would place the FBI in the role of a national police force," he declared. "Now, as always, the FBI is opposed to any movement or organization which will infringe on the sovereignty of local law enforcement and serve as a precedent for a national police agency."

But, he added, there was no restriction against Federal, state and local law enforcement officers working together in matters of mutual interest such as apprehending fugitives on the "Top Ten" list.

"Local and state officers, who are sworn to uphold the laws of the United States as well as state and local laws, often have accompanied FBI Agents to assist in the apprehension of dangerous criminals. FBI Agents frequently work alone, and it is not uncommon for one to locate a wanted man far from any assistance by his fellow Agents. In such instances, his task of making an arrest would be most hazardous without the whole-hearted cooperation of the local police."

Gradually local law authorities discovered that Hoover meant exactly what he said. When the FBI was requested to move in and assist it threw all of its impressive facilities into the pursuit and when the fugitive criminal was caught and turned over to local authorities they faded unobtrusively from the picture.

Not all such criminals make the "Top Ten." Last year the FBI apprehended more than 1,400 wanted fugitives in the continental U.S. who were not on the elite list.

This naturally raises the question of how the candidates are chosen for the "Top Ten."

First the criminal must presumably have fled interstate and second a local law organization must request the FBI for assistance in apprehending him. These are basic.

"Viciousness and danger to the law-abiding public are among several important factors considered in selecting criminals for this list," Hoover explains.

"Watson Young, Jr., mental hospital escapee and alleged rapist and double murderer, fully qualified for such consideration and became a "Top Ten" fugitive on February 5, 1962.

"Highlighted in his fugitive publicity, along with his unpredictable and irrational behavior, was his deep interest in funeral homes.

"True to form, Young was seized by Salina, Kansas, police, one week after his arrival on the wanted list, following a wild, night-time chase. He was caught after recklessly speeding through Salina streets, with red lights flashing and siren blaring, at the wheel of a stolen funeral home ambulance. Found in his pockets, along with two knives, was a copy of his FBI wanted notice."

One almost certain way to be placed on the list is to kill a cop or other law enforcement officer and then flee from the state.

Such was the case of a 32-year-old killer named George Edward Cole.

Cole was in his late teens when he received his first prison sentence as a result of a car theft. Shortly after his release he committed armed robbery in California for which he was sentenced to from five years to life.

He was paroled in October 1951 and skipped to New Orleans where he was arrested two months later as a parole violator. Other crimes included being AWOL from the Army, escape and automobile theft.

Cole was again paroled by California authorities in August 1955 and he dropped out of sight for more than a year.

Early in the morning of December 30, 1956, Cole and another hood entered a tavern in San Francisco's "Tenderloin" district. Cole pulled a .357 Magnum revolver.

"This is a holdup!" he snapped. "I mean business!"

An off-duty cop who happened to be in the tavern at the time lunged for Cole.

"You cheap punk!" he growled and



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grabbed for the gun.

Cole cut him down with two shots and fled with his confederate, leaving the cop dead on the floor.

The second hood was captured a few days later following an intensive hunt by infuriated San Francisco police. When questioned he declared that Cole had probably fled East and the local police asked the FBI for assistance.

Cole's name was put on the "Top Ten" and for more than two years the nationwide hunt for him went on.

One day in July 1959 a Des Moines druggist stopped for gasoline on U.S. 6 at a filling station near Mineral Springs. He identified the attendant as Cole from a wanted poster and phoned the FBI. Captured by G-men, Cole was returned to California where he was tried and convicted for the cold-blooded murder of the police officer.

ALTHOUGH spot-lighting a "Top Ten" fugitive in the glare of nationwide publicity, leaving him no place to hide, has been responsible for the capture of 65 notorious criminals as the result of tips by citizens, and has contributed to the apprehension of many of the 99 others, the FBI also utilizes other techniques.

"Publicity has been an effective weapon in locating "most wanted" fugitives, but identification by fingerprint comparison still plays an important role," Hoover emphasizes.

Today, due largely to his personal perseverance, the files of the Identification Division of the FBI contain more than 163 million fingerprint cards so efficiently automated that a requested set of prints can be produced within a few minutes.

Hoover's zeal in building up his fingerprints files has frequently encountered obstacles and outright antagonism in the past.

Department heads, union leaders, organization presidents and many others have agitated that taking the fingerprints of a law abiding citizen is a violation of privacy.

Not so, Hoover has argued, not only does an honest man have nothing to fear but he is being helpful to the Bureau in the suppression of crime. He might even be helpful to his own family if he were so unfortunate as to have a fatal accident in which he might require positive identification.

A man of dogged determination Hoover persisted and gradually he made progress. Today the FBI has some 123 million citizens' fingerprints on file and, in the Criminal Section, 40 million more representing 14 million individuals.

The "Identification Orders," the

wanted posters of "Top Ten" and other fugitive criminals which are given nationwide distribution bear a clear reproduction of their fingerprint impressions. These Identification Orders are customarily placed in the identification files of law enforcement agencies for ready reference.

When Otto Austin Lobel was arrested in Sanford, Florida, for intoxication he was routinely fingerprinted by the police. A check of the Identification Orders in their files showed the cops that instead of bringing in a malltime drunk they had captured a murderer on the "Top Ten" list.

In the summer of 1959 while hitchhiking in Oklahoma Lobel had been given a lift by a passing motorist named Frederick Grant Dunn.

Lobel had killed and robbed Dunn, stolen his car and disappeared. He was added to the "Top Ten" on September 7, 1959, when skeletal remains found on a farm near Ellsworth, Kansas were determined by the FBI Laboratory to be those of Dunn.

The Sanford cops notified the FBI. Lobel was shipped to Oklahoma where he was tried and executed for murder.

In Atlanta, Georgia, local cops walked in on "Alfred Runyon" while he was burglarizing a chain store safe. Taken to headquarters he swore that this was his first crime.

A fingerprint check disclosed a different story. His real name was Nelson Robert Duncan. He was on the "Top Ten" list for transporting a stolen automobile interstate, unlawfully fleeing interstate to avoid prosecution for the crime of robbery and for violation of the Federal Firearms Act.

Another "Top Ten" fugitive, Lloyd Reed Russell, wanted by the FBI for unlawful flight to avoid confinement for assault was surprised by officers of the Spokane, Washington, Sheriff's Office while trying to rob a supermarket.

Russell shot his way out of the store and was cut down by police bullets in the parking lot nearby. Only after his fingerprints were taken in the morgue was it discovered that he had been one of the "Top Ten."

"Had we known this in advance," one of the deputy sheriffs commented grimly, "we would have proceeded more cautiously. The FBI boys aren't fooling when they put a fugitive's name on the 'Top Ten' list."

Some criminals responsible for spectacular crimes solved by the FBI working with other law enforcement organizations are not listed on the "Top Ten" for legal or technical reasons.

Among such cases have been the famous Brink's robbery in Boston, the

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Weinberger kidnaping and the murder of 44 persons on an airliner in Colorado by Jack Gilbert Graham who placed a bomb on the plane.

"These cases were listed in state courts either because investigation showed no Federal violation had occurred or state charges were far more serious," Hoover explains.

Sometimes a fugitive who gets on the list for one crime discovers he is charged with another, more sinister, when apprehended.

The case of murderer Henry A. Queor, Jr., illustrates this as well as the close cooperation which now exists between the FBI and local law enforcement agencies.

Early on a March morning a young airman driving through southern Alabama with his wife and child stopped at a roadside park about a mile north of the Alabama-Florida line to allow his dog some exercise.

The small animal dashed into the brush and was followed by his owner who suddenly stopped in horror. There, before him, lay the hacked and battered body of a woman.

The serviceman drove to a nearby house and called the Baldwin County, Alabama, Sheriff.

Within a short time the woman was identified as a practical nurse who had departed the day before from her sister's home in St. Petersburg, Flori-

da, en route by car to her own home in Norfolk, Virginia.

Since her car was missing and the possibility of kidnaping and interstate transportation of a stolen motor vehicle existed, G-men immediately joined local and state officials in efforts to solve the brutal murder.

FBI working in Florida determined the probable route the victim would have traveled and then began checking restaurants, taverns, service stations and other establishments between St. Petersburg and the murder scene.

This technique paid off five days later when two waitresses and an attendant at a Chiefland, Florida, restaurant and service station recalled having seen the murdered woman on the day before her corpse was found in the roadside park. They declared that she had been accompanied by a young man dressed in an Army khaki uniform.

Five days later, a garage operator at Crystal River, Florida reported he had towed in an abandoned car which had its motor burned out. G-men learned it had been abandoned about March 7 which they now knew had been the day on which the woman was killed.

The car bore Maryland license plates, but a check with Florida police disclosed it had not been reported

stolen. In the trunk was an Army duffle bag on which was stamped the name "Henry A. Queor, Jr.," and an Army serial number.

The name and serial number, traced through Army sources revealed that he was AWOL from the U.S. Army Proving Grounds at Aberdeen, Maryland.

Queor's photographs and fingerprints were obtained, also through the Army, and he became a murder suspect. There was a missing link, however, the victim's car.

The way in which the story was shaping up to the investigators, Queor—if it was Queor—had been driving north in Florida on Route 19 when his car broke down at Crystal River. He abandoned it and had started hitch-hiking when picked up by his victim. After they stopped to eat at a restaurant at Chiefland some 60 miles further on, he killed her on the highway and stole her car.

Six days later G-men discovered her car abandoned on a road south of Baltimore, Maryland. FBI fingerprint experts went over it carefully and found Queor's prints on the wheel.

This clinched it. Queor's name was added to the "Top Ten" for transporting a stolen car interstate. He was on the list less than 48 hours before he was caught.

Under questioning Queor confessed

he had tried to attack his victim and had been repulsed by her with a coke bottle. She hit him with it twice. Infuriated, he choked her into unconsciousness, threw her from the car and ran over her body several times until he was certain she was dead. He had then hidden her battered corpse in the underbrush.

The G-men took him back to Baldwin County, Alabama to stand trial for murder. He pleaded guilty and is now serving a life sentence without possibility of parole.

ONCE a criminal makes the "Top Ten" and is caught there is a 98 per cent probability that he will not only be convicted but that the conviction will stick and he will serve out his sentence.

It is a shocking reflection on the leniency of many of our courts however that 130 out of 154 of the most ruthless or depraved murderers, bandits, rapists and other notorious criminals had been given suspended sentences, parole or probation for other, and in several instances equally sinister crimes before they were listed on the "Top Ten."

"The foul history of Donald L. Payne who was added to the list on October 6, 1960, reveals the leniency shown to this type of criminal," Hoover declares grimly.

"Here is his sordid score: Separate convictions for raping two girls, 9 and 15; conviction for perversion upon a 10-year-old boy and charge of perversion upon a woman; and, as a "Top Ten" fugitive, charged with allegedly raping an 18-year-old girl and reportedly perpetrating a vicious sex attack on a boy, 12 years old."

"His punishment" includes two paroles, two commutations of sentences, one escape, and one attempted escape from prison.

"Nothing discourages and disheartens law enforcement officers more than the knowledge that their efforts in apprehending criminals are often no more than useless expenditures of time and money—useless because unwarranted leniency in the form of suspended sentences, parole or probation so frequently makes a mockery of good police work.

"Assuredly, we must continually strive to rehabilitate those persons who have strayed from lawful ways. On the other hand, consideration must be given to protecting society by isolating depraved individuals who have no respect for law and order or the rights of others. The scales of justice must be balanced."

For more than 13 years Hoover has been utilizing his "Top Ten" as an effective means to this end. •

"Madame Drachma"

(Continued from page 25)

important to Elva's future was the accompanying picture of her. She was shown lying on her divan in shorts, her long legs bent at the knees so that her full thighs were flagrantly displayed. On her face was a mocking smile, and in her mouth a long cigarette in a holder.

The picture scandalized Athens gossip. A woman whose lover has just committed suicide shouldn't be smiling. But Elva was pleased. Men, she knew, might slander her publicly, but in their hearts they would desire her.

The unfortunate Oscar Benzel's business reverses made his suicide plausible, the murder gun had been neatly placed in his hand and the upshot was that Elva and Grannick were freed. Elva set up shop with Grannick in an apartment at 23 Leof. Didotou, not far from the Ecole Francais.

She almost instantly discovered that she had made a mistake. In swindling Oscar Benzel, she had neglected to take anything for herself. All the money—about \$66,000 American was in Grannick's name. She argued with him.

"Give me half, Helel. It was my idea."

He smiled at her, and twiddled his red mustache. "You don't trust me, darling. No, in Greece the man is in charge of the money. I shall see that you have everything you need."

She stared at him sullenly. "You thief. You no good. I'll fix you yet."

He laughed. "My, what a temper my little girl has."

It seems curious that Grannick took Elva's threats so lightly. With his predecessor as an example, he should have known better.

UNLIKE Oscar Benzel, Grannick hadn't a jealous bone in his body. In fact, he even suggested to Elva where she might best use hers. He was soon involved in an attempt to get hold of the extremely valuable rights to sponge fishing in the Aegean Sea. He needed friends in high places, and to this end he and Elva ran a virtually permanent party in their apartment at 23 Didotou.

The parties—according to the old newspaper stories—were something of a sensation. The rug was always damp with spilled champagne and whiskey. The caterer made daily deliveries of hot stuffed clams, cold meat, cold lobster, huge loaves of bread and baskets of dainty cakes. Lounging on the divan, a simple, tight-fitting, silk

dress clinging to every curve, Elva allowed Grannick's friends to bring her bits of things to eat. She grew outrageous, demanding that they feed her with their fingers, or hold her champagne glass while she drank. Grannick was pleased. She drew the men—and he circulated among them, promoting his schemes.

Then one night Elva decided she didn't need Grannick any more. She was the person who lured the men into his net, but he kept the proceeds.

Besides Grannick, there were four men in the room at the time; a minor government official, two sponge exporters, and a man of about 50 named Nikolo Pando. The government official, drunk, had already collapsed in a chair where he sat belching quietly to himself. The others were telling very bad obscene jokes and laughing uproariously.

Suddenly Elva stood up on the divan. "Shut up," she shouted. "Shut up all of you."

The men fell silent, and began grinning in anticipation. Elva was up to something new.

Slowly, with lazy insolence, Elva stripped off her clothes and dropped them casually to the floor. "Bring me some champagne, Helel," she demanded. He brought the champagne.

"And some cakes." She was now totally naked. She perched herself on the back of the divan, nibbling at the cakes, sipping the champagne, and gazing calmly around at the silent men.

Then she spoke. "Thank you for the champagne and cakes, Helel."

Helel smiled, pleased. "It is a pleasure, my—"

"That is all you are good for, Helel—fetching and carrying."

Grannick's jaw dropped open under his mustache. "Elva, please, watch what—"

Elva finished the last bit of cake and dusted off her hands. She looked around at the other men. "I must be rid of Helel. Who will destroy him for me? He must be finished off."

"Elva," Grannick said harshly. "Stop joking. This isn't funny." Sweat was pouring from his brow, and his hands trembled.

"Naturally it wouldn't be funny to you," she said calmly. She turned away from him. "All right, gentlemen, the man who will destroy Helel may take me home. Come, come, who is it to be?"

The men looked uneasily at each other. To take Elva home—that was worth a lot. But to publicly promise

to destroy a man?

Then Nikolo Pando stepped forward, calm and decisive. "Put on some clothes, my dear. I can't have you running around the streets raked."

She hesitated.

"Oh," He glanced at Grannick. "We can do as we please with him in due course. Be in my office in the morning, Helel."

Elva came down from the divan and began to dress.

"Elva," Grannick cried, mopping the sweat from his forehead. "Elva, for the love of God."

Elva went out with Nikolo Pando. She had made a wise choice. Pando was a ruthless, ambitious man who had risen from an ordinary seaman aboard one of Europa Shipping Company's tankers to president of the company. His face was bronzed and lined from his years at sea, and his body was tough and sinewy. Moreover, unlike Benzel and Grannick, he didn't underestimate Elva's abilities. Instead of setting her in an apartment, he kept her on his yacht anchored in the harbor. He also put her on an income of \$500 a week. "I advise you to save it, my dear. Invest it in some worthwhile stocks. You will not always be young and pretty."

Elva took his advice to heart. She invested the income in stock of Europa—his own company. Then she demanded that Pando live up to his promise.

"Grannick, Nikki," she said, fingering his lips as they lay in bed aboard the yacht. "You promised you'd destroy him."

"My advice, Elva is to forget Grannick. I have learned not to make unnecessary enemies."

"Bah, you always have advice. You promised. I insist."

He shrugged. "Very well."

He saw Grannick in his office. Grannick was out of his depth and he knew it. He stood in front of Pando's huge mahogany desk, bowing and cringing.

"Sit down, Grannick," Pando said. "Have a cigar."

Helel did as he was bid, his hands trembling on the match. "Mr. Pando, I—"

Pando held up his hand. "Grannick, you're a small-time chiseler and I could easily arrange to have you jailed. In fact, I could have you thrown to the fish, if I wanted."

"My God, Mr. Pando—" Sweat poured in rivulets from his forehead.

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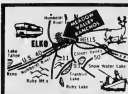
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Weak with relief, Grannick left the office.

"So? How was he, Nikki?" Elva asked Pando that night as they sat in the yacht, drinking brandy. "Did he crawl? Did he beg for mercy?"

Pando shrugged. "All of that," he said. "He was frightened to death. I'm having him put in jail for six months."

It was characteristic of Elva that she believed Pando. Her record points to her incredible faith that she could simply go on doing as she liked. Retribution would never come to Elva Contabulis. She didn't know that already—this early in her career—the chill winds were beginning to blow.

In any case, she now concluded that her path on up the ladder depended on publicity. Deliberately she set out to become notorious. "Parties, Nikki," she demanded. "I'm a party girl, I want parties."

It is unlikely that Athens had seen parties like Elva's since the time of Plato. She installed a dice table, a pair of roulette wheels, and hired professional gamblers to run them. She hired six prostitutes. She brought a chef down from Paris and gave him a free hand in stocking the yacht. Customarily she loaded up a party of 20 on Thursday afternoon. The yacht then swept out into the sunny Mediterranean, beyond the jurisdiction of Greece—or any other country. Here Elva was captain—and the captain's word was law. Here is a letter an American student in Greece wrote to a friend in New York. The letter is dated June 12, 1949.

Dear Bill,

Maybe you've seen parties, and maybe you haven't, but let me tell you sonny-boy, I went to one last week that makes a warehouse brawl look like a church social. There is a woman here named Elva Contabulis, who is being kept by a shipping biggie. She stays on this yacht, one of those deals that looks like a floating hotel. I got invited through this chick I've been running around with. The minute we walked on board a waiter handed up a glass of champagne and brandy. Then we pulled out to sea. About fifteen minutes later Elva comes out on deck with a laundry basket full of linclothes and feathered headresses. "All right everybody," she called out, "We're going to be Red Indians this week. Clothes off, everybody." I looked at my girl. She shrugged. So everybody took their clothes off and put on this gear. Then the boozing began, and I mean boozing. You ate, you drank, you dived overboard and swam in the Mediterranean. And of course you made love. Bill, there were

naked bodies draped all over that ship so you could hardly walk around. They were doing it in public. Nobody cared. It went on like that for five days. The caper came on the last day. This woman Contabulis dressed herself up in a bearskin, climbed up into the rigging, and announced she'd sleep with the first man who caught her. Bill, they were going up through that rigging, drunk as owls, like a bunch of monkeys. I'll be honest, I collapsed.

Elva Contabulis' yacht period went on for about two years. It was during this time that she became a professional. Very quietly, so that Nikolo Pando wouldn't hear of it, she let it be known that she would give anybody a long night of love for \$1,000. By setting a high price she eliminated from her trade all but the most important men in Greek industrial circles. Or for that matter, in European industrial circles: Elva's reputation was spreading in ever-widening circles. One of them, a German industrialist from Hamburg, whose name obviously can't be used, put this way.

"You know, there's something exciting about a woman who puts that kind of price on herself. Then there's the matter of pride. A man likes to be able to say just once in his life that he bought a \$1,000 woman. But the most interesting part is this. No matter how bad Elva might have been in bed, no man would ever admit it. You're supposed to be a business man, you're supposed to get your money's worth. So afterwards, the men always said she was worth the money. And of course that brought in more customers."

Was she worth it?

"Let's face it, no woman is worth \$1,000 a night. But I'll be honest, I've never had a better night."

Elva got rich and invested wisely. Sometimes she accepted her pay in stocks or bonds. Sorting out her financial affairs is difficult, but as closely as can be determined—and considering rising stock markets—by 1950, on her 21st birthday, Elva Contabulis was worth nearly \$500,000.

She was also about finished with Nikolo Pando. Word inevitably got back to the shipping magnate that she was selling herself on the open market. So Pando faced her down in the cabin of the yacht. Brandy and soda in hand, he stared down at her where she lay arrogantly on the divan.

"My sweet," he said sardonically, "You haven't been behaving. Are you aware that I could ruin you?"

She munched on a peach. "Oh? You could? How?"

"Have you jailed for any one of a number of possible crimes."

"I suppose," she said lazily. "You wouldn't do it, though."

"And why not?"

Elva played her trump. "Because I own 2,500 shares in your company."

"I didn't give you those," he spat out harshly.

"No. I bought them. But it would look as if you had been looting your company to keep your mistress, wouldn't it?" She spat the peach pit onto the floor.

Pando stared at her, enraged. But she had beaten him, and he knew it. He struggled to calm himself. "Elva, I advise you to be careful. Retribution always comes in the end."

She laughed brutally. "You always have such good advice, Nikki. Now have my things packed. I'm leaving."

With her fame and riches, Elva's arrogance increased all out of bounds. She bossed men around as if they were her personal property. She bought and sold minor officials like gum drops. She did exactly what she pleased, when she pleased, and how she pleased. And she acquired a new man.

The man was a 40-year old Greek-American who had made a fortune in Texas oil and had returned to Europe to invest it. He had an urbane polish which had been lacking in her other men. He went under the name of Jerry Tichles, an Americanization of his real name, Ticholopolis. From him, Elva didn't want money; she wanted an entry into international society.

"Introduce me to these people, Jerry," she demanded. "I am young, I am beautiful, I am, shall we say, talented. They will like me."

Tichles wasn't so sure. International society accepts free and easy women, but an out-right prostitute was another thing.

"But I am an international prostitute," she pouted. "Besides, I am at the top of the trade."

Tichles gave in. It was a bad mistake. For Elva discovered that if men would pay her a thousand a night, some of the incredibly wealthy, jaded and aging women in international society would pay her much more. The stories are thoroughly attested to. There was, for example a one-time famous American movie actress, who we'll call Amy Walker. Forty-five, going to fat, and living on brandy, she met Elva through Tichles at the beach at Cannes. They struck up an acquaintanceship, and Amy invited Elva to her lush apartment in a hotel overlooking the beach. They had a drink, and then Amy said, "You have a beautiful body. I'd love to see it sometime."

Elva laughed. "Of course. But I get

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Amy's eyebrows shot up. "You get paid? Will you do anything?"

"Wait here, Elva. I'll get my check-book."

ELVIA's name now left a bad taste in people's mouths, but she remained unconcerned. She began to take up a little sideline—blackmail. In the bedroom of her Athens home she concealed five cameras in the walls and ceiling. Activating them with a hidden switch in her bed, she collected pictures of important people in remarkable positions. Then men were invariably glad to pay large sums for the negatives. It didn't seem to bother Elva that she was making too many enemies among too many powerful people.

distant places — England, the U.S., Russia, Jordan, among others. And then—curiously—Elva Contabulis fell in love, for the first time in her life.

It is ironic that Elva should have fallen as a result of her one unselfish love. When she and Jaime pranced gaily into her main house in Athens, they found, sitting in the living room and drinking her wine, four men: Helel Grannick, Nikolo Pando, Jerry Tichles, and Jaime's father, Paul Cal-lao. Elva stopped dead in the center of the room. "What is this," she shouted, "Who let you in? Get out, get out, all of you."

Jaime stared at his father. "I don't know what this is about, but I'm not going. I'm going to marry—"

nick. Tie him up if you have to."

Grannick took a revolver from a chest holster and gestured toward the door. "Come on, sonny," he said. "The game is over."

Elva blazed with fury. "Pando," she screamed, "Pando, I'll have you jailed. You can't do this, this is my house, you can't—"

Pando, breathing heavily, got up and smashed Elva brutally across her face, slamming her to the floor. She stared up at him in bewilderment, blood trickling from her lips.

Pando said, "Now listen to me, Elva. You are washed up. You are finished. With this boy you have overstepped yourself. We will have you for corrupting a minor. In any court in this city you would not stand a chance. That's one thing. The second is this." He held out a piece of paper. "Your death certificate. It is already signed by a doctor who will testify that you died of natural causes. And third is this. Your will, leaving all your wealth to worthwhile charities. All it needs is your signature." He let the paper flutter to the floor.

Elva spoke in a queer, broken voice, "Suppose I refuse to sign?"

"You will be buried at sea. It would amuse me to drop you out into the ocean from my yacht."

Her hands trembled. "And if I sign?"

"There is a little island, about 75 miles from the Thessalia, well out of the shipping lines," Pando began grimly.

SHE was already beginning to break down when they half carried her onto the yacht two hours later, equipped only with a single suitcase, in which she had packed a few clothes. By the time the yacht dropped anchor off the island she could not really remember what was happening to her. When they put her ashore in charge of the old crone she was smiling happily, her eyes bright.

"Yes, what a wonderful place for a party," she said. "Yes, we'll have wonderful times here, now hurry back with the champagne. And be sure it is cold. I hate warm champagne. . ."

There she remains, mad as a loon, her 30-year old body showing signs of age, her hair unkempt, her face beginning to wrinkle. There are still parties around her, but only she can see them. "Oh yes," she says, "I've had a most wonderful stay here, but one of these days I must get back to Athens and see about my business. I really must."

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E. G., Detroit, Mich.

Escape from Russia's Dragnet

(Continued from page 33)

"What the goddamn hell are they doing in here?" he told Kosnetsov angrily.

Kosnetsov raised his eyebrows in lecherous amusement.

"Cut that out, Kosnetsov. A man talks when he's with a woman. These Reds have probably planted a dozen spies in this place and all you can think about is—"

"I told you—we don't depend on that kind of security," Kosnetsov interrupted. His voice was thick and he deliberately raised his voice. "The Reds know we're around; we know they're around. That's all there is to it. Besides, the boys have got to have women or they'll go crazy under this kind of pressure."

"It's suicidal!" Murdoch spouted. Kosnetsov just laughed until his face got very red. Then he grabbed up Murdoch in a flying mare grip and whirled him around over his head.

"You're too excited! You've got to learn to take it easy! You've got to learn to enjoy yourself!" Kosnetsov shouted, choking with laughter at the same time. "You've got to learn to

relax!"

Kosnetsov threw Murdoch's body with murderous force into an overstuffed sofa, which suddenly came alive with a writhing, naked prostitute and her equally naked, terrified client.

Blood and the adrenalin of madness gushed into Murdoch's brain. He lurched out of the stuffed chair and with head down, rammed into Kosnetsov's bloated stomach, cutting off his breath in the middle of a roar of laughter. Murdoch bucked again, this time lower down, and it almost killed Kosnetsov.

The fat madame ran over screaming.

"No fighting! No fighting!"

Kosnetsov paid no attention. He got to his feet trembling like a leaf.

"I could kill you, I ought to kill you for that!" he bellowed.

"Go ahead!" Murdoch gasped, his eyes blazing.

Kosnetsov hesitated, though his body strained to kill. Growling with frustration he looked around wildly. His eyes lighted on the overstuffed chair, by this time long abandoned. He

swooped it up over his head and raced towards a 12-foot old-fashioned multipaned parlor window. With one hippopotamus grunt he hurled it through the window with an ear-splitting crash.

Murdoch had never seen anyone in such a state of berserk fury. Kosnetsov tore around breaking mirrors, bottles, lamps, chairs and tables. He slapped the screaming madame and then dragged her outside and plunged her upside down into a rain barrel.

Then he fought off the six or eight men from his own training camp who were trying to protect him from himself.

It took the arrival of a dozen cops to stop him. One of the cops finally broke an ash nictstick over his head before Kosnetsov finally subsided with a bloodied head into a peaceful sleep.

THE next day Kosnetsov showed up very much pacified, but Murdoch had already had enough of the big Russian and the organization that protected him to say quits to the whole deal.

"Don't feel bad about it," Kosnetsov tried to soothe him. "The police in the city and our people here, they understand that some of us are under very great tension. Nobody pressed charges. And the organization paid for the

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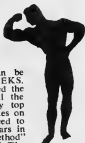
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damage. It is very important work that we do here."

"I think you're nuts and your organization's crazy and any man who has anything to do with you deserves to get killed. That won't be me," Murdoch said.

Next day, Murdoch made a request to withdraw.

But the liason man from American intelligence wasn't having any of it.

"We're pulling you out of this tomorrow and sending you on," he said crisply.

"But I tell you these people don't know a damned thing!"

"They're the only operative underground on Russian soil, and the Reds haven't been able to wipe them out," the officer said doggedly.

"The Reds have then infiltrated! They just let the operation keep going because it gives them a pipeline into what we're doing against them. Can't I make it plain that I don't mind going behind the Iron Curtain. I just don't want to go through the NTS network."

"Take your choice then. Either you don't go at all or you go through NTS."

Murdock backed down.

The trip into Russia confirmed everything Murdoch had feared. He got to Moscow, through East Germany, Poland and by means of a clandestine rendezvous with a seedy Russian "resistance" that never seemed to know where its meeting place was or what the local police were doing just then.

Kosnetsov had been in and out of Russia a half-dozen times. He laughed at Murdoch's anger at the sloppiness of the operation.

"It doesn't matter how many times you made it without getting caught," Murdock told him. "This kind of thing has to blow up in your face."

"Who said I haven't been caught?" Kosnetsov asked innocently. "Each time I was caught, I broke their necks for them. Then I chalk up a mark in my head—there's another Red bastard dead, I say. You'll see, you won't have any trouble."

They learned a few days after their arrival in Moscow that many NTS spies trained as saboteurs, demolition experts, and leaders of resistance cells had redeployed to take advantage of Khrushchev's recent promise of a generous break to all spies who were Russian-born. It was no more than Murdoch expected.

"Are you going to turn yourself in?" Kosnetsov asked.

"No, of course not."

"Well, neither am I. So what are you worried about?"

"I just don't like putting my neck into a noose when someone else's stu-

pidity draws it tight on me."

As it turned out, Murdoch's suspicion of the NTS proved correct when he discovered the Red agent shadowing him. He hated to kill Kosuks but meeting Voldonev that night to get the speech came before everything else. Murdoch fled from the murdered man in the subway kiosk and hid himself in the maze of alleyways, only reaching the tavern where he was to meet Voldonev by a roundabout route.

At nine P.M. Voldonev came in. Fear and anxiety had sunken his eyes to glittering coals. His voice shook.

"I haven't got the document. There has been a slip."

"You're goddamn right there's been a slip. I just had to kill one of your men before I got here. I've got to get out of Moscow tonight. speech or no speech. My neck comes first."

"Murdock. You can't. Not only my life depends on this but my family's. You must get us out of the country."

"Not unless I have the speech."

"I will find out who betrayed you."

"All right," Murdock gave in. "In one week, March 12, you give me the papers, and the name of the man who double-crossed me and the defection deal goes through, if I'm alive."

"What're you going to do?"

"I don't know yet. My identity papers are useless now and I've got every cop in the most security-conscious city in the world down on me."

"Wait, I know of a place where you'll be safe. A girl I have befriended. She runs with the *stilyagi* crowd of roughs but she's a respectable girl..."

"Yeah. I'll bet. I seem to remember the OSS days, Voldonev, when you brought home a different babe every night. How do I know I can trust her?"

"You don't. That's the usual story, isn't it? But here is her name and address. She must know nothing, but if she likes you, that's enough to secure your safety."

Voldonev rode his car back to Moscow, and Murdoch walked, the address of the girl folded in his pocket. He tore up the Balto identity papers into bits, strewn them as he went.

It was after 12 A.M. when Murdoch reached the girl's apartment.

"It's all right," she said. "You will be safe here."

She beckoned him to come in. Varya had on only a heavy sweater and panties. Murdoch admired her long legs. She was slender by Russian standards, and beautifully built.

There were three families in the tiny tenement apartment. An elderly couple and a middle-aged man shared the main room with the girl. The man was



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Value of Love-Play.

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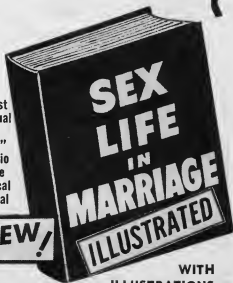
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her uncle. The couple had flannel nightgowns on; the uncle, long-john underwear.

"Take off your clothes if you want to. Get into bed."

"How about you?"

"I sleep in what I'm wearing."

"Where do I undress?"

The girl shrugged and climbed in under the heavy covers. He undressed to his shorts and T-shirt, and joined her.

"You should be here when my uncle's wife and children are here too," she giggled. "Then it's really crowded."

"I'm used to it," he managed. "It's just as bad where I come from."

Murdoch told Varya he was running from the police because he picked up an ambulance for a joy-ride and cracked it into a street-light; a pedestrian was injured, and he was liable to 25 years in prison by Soviet law. She was not the least curious, to his relief.

About 3 A.M. loud knocking woke everybody up and sent them into a terrified huddle. Murdoch shot out of bed sure that the girl had sold him out. He flashed a picture of the tenement's structure into his mind to figure an escape. But Varya motioned him to come back to bed.

"You stay here with me. I'll handle this. Uncle, go let them in."

Trembling, the uncle obeyed her.

The Communist party block leader, a woman built like an army tank, clumped in, followed by an embarrassed police sergeant. "We're looking for a fugitive, Varya Stepanovna. Have you seen any strange men, anything suspicious?"

"Nothing suspicious," answered the girl firmly.

She was still in bed beside Murdoch. Murdoch watched through eyes half-closed. His body was tense as a rattler's.

"Wait a minute—who's that?" the block leader pointed at Murdoch. "He doesn't live here—or in this neighborhood."

"He's my cousin. He's in from the country—just in. He's got no place to stay."

The police sergeant shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other, but the block leader bore down.

"Your cousin?—In bed with you?" she barked. Envy of the girl, at the same time a kind of possessiveness, had made her voice cutting. "I'll just see about that. Show me his papers."

"All right." The girl rose from the bed. When the girl's bare legs reached the floor the block leader exploded. "What are you getting up for?" she roared. "I want to see his papers, not your—"

"He doesn't have anything on," the girl said sweetly. "I thought your modesty would prefer that I got out of bed, rather than he, Irina Katerinovna. But perhaps I am wrong, and you would rather that he went to get his own papers after all."

"Somebody better get them."

"All right, then I will," said the girl.

She started across the floor and the police sergeant intercepted her. He ordered the girl back to bed. Then he turned to the block leader.

"You've known her all your life, haven't you? I've known her since I was assigned to this district, and that's 15 years. If she says he's her cousin, he's her cousin," he spelled out. "I will not have the people in my district needlessly embarrassed. We don't live this way in Russia any more, not since the new government came in. I'm still the sergeant in my own district."

"And I'm still block leader," the woman said angrily.

"We'll see how long you're block leader when my report goes in," the sergeant told her. He shepherded her still protesting to the door.

Before they left he turned to apologize.

"I hope you and your cousin pass a pleasant night, Varya Stepanovna," he told her. And when she wished him the same and thanked him for his courtesy, he smiled at her longingly. Outside he could be heard still reproaching the block leader, telling her they had several buildings still to check, each with hundreds of tiny apartments like this, and they had no time to

waste on her vulgar mind. Vulgar is the worst thing one Russian can call another.

Varya's relatives crept silently back to bed. Murdoch's pulse was thumping in his ears. He couldn't believe his luck. This girl wasn't fazed by anything.

"Varya, you know I have no papers. You've got plenty of nerve, kiddo. And why didn't the others say anything?"

"Oh, the others! They don't know any more about what I do than that stupid block leader does. The sergeant likes me. So I knew what to do. Tomorrow, we will have to get you a new name and new identity papers. Perhaps you will trust me better then."

"I trust you," Murdoch said honestly. "But I don't know why you're helping me."

"Because I like you," the girl snapped impatiently. "It's as simple as that. Now shall we get to bed or do you want to go on talking all night?"

"I wasn't thinking about talking," Murdoch grinned.

His hands reached up under her sweater and covered her full soft breasts. She sighed and shifted languorously in his arms and silently they made love.

FOR the next six days, Varya whisked Murdoch from one apartment to another. She seemed to have more friends and "relatives" than the Kremlin had politicians. In spite of the ever present danger of discovery, it was a period of intense pleasure. Varya was a very affectionate lover.

Meanwhile, Murdoch's daily life took on a protective camouflage. Varya worked during the day as a skilled private secretary and earned 110 rubles a month, a good salary. She dressed neatly and carefully. But her friends were the Stilyagi crowd, the equivalent of the American beatniks. They wore long sideburns and "sharp" clothes, danced to American jazz which was high on the blackmarket, and ridiculed the puritan stodginess of their parents. Some of them delved into petty cash, and they all had "connections" with illegal activities. Varya put Murdoch in the care of their leader, her cousin, Kolya. Murdoch got his new identity papers from Kolya with no questions asked. His new name was Ivan. None of the crowd had any notion of Murdoch's mission.

One day Kolya showed him a magazine.

"What is it?" asked Murdoch.

"It's a magazine called *Za Rossiou*; For Russia. Read it."

It was so anti-communist that the possession of it would have sent Kolya to the labor camps. The magazine was



"Say, that's a nasty
cough you've got there."

put out by the pitch-fork-symbolized Death to the Tyrants outfit—the NTS. Murdoch was gratified at this first concrete sign of NTS effectiveness in Russia. Until then it had done nothing to demonstrate to him that it could bring off the resistance it promised within Russia, much less keep one half-Russian American citizen alive.

Even so, the difficulty of completing his mission and getting out of the USSR alive still confronted him. Every minute he stayed in Moscow made it more likely he would never get out.

On March 12, the day he was to meet Voldoney, Murdoch met Varya for lunch in front of the Praga restaurant. He felt miserable, but he couldn't tell her why. She thought it was because he had lost interest in her. He explained to her it wasn't so. They ate in silence and then Varya left him to return to work.

The subject of the future would never come up between them for one simple reason—Murdoch never saw Varya after that day.

THE case of the disappearing American spy and the murder of KGB plainclothesman Kosuks was serious enough to receive the personal supervision of the KGB's successor to Beria, Ivan Alexandrovich Serov, once one of Beria's top killers. The actual handling of the case was detailed to one of the organization's brightest young men, Colonel Victor P. Shvarz, and Shvarz simply tickled it with the ruthless attention to detail that marks good police work all over the world.

KGB Shvarz checked on every thread of communication he had into Moscow's 125 square miles; and when he came up with nothing from his informers and stool pigeons, his local police and firemen, his secret police plainclothesman and his Communist block captains, he checked them all a second and a third and a fourth time.

It was not more than six days before a certain woman block captain connected Murdoch's description and with great righteousness accused the police sergeant of her district of having had the man in his grip and letting him get away. The police sergeant woefully admitted that yes, it might be the man he saw in bed with Varya Stepanovna.

Varya was arrested the afternoon of March 12 as she was leaving work. Kolya was with her. The police arrested him as well. They were thrown into the Lubyanka prison. Kolya in fact knew nothing of Murdoch; he only knew him as "Ivan" and hated the police enough to withhold the little information he did have.

The young KGB colonel, Shvarz, decided to question the girl. He was in

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a hurry and he thought she would break first. The jailers took her clothes away from her and dressed her only in a man's undershirt and underpants. Then they put her in a cell overnight to prepare her psychologically for the questioning. It had no sanitary facilities. A huge bulb burned brilliantly overhead. The next morning, the girl having had no food or sleep, was brought up to Shvarz's interrogation room.

Despite hours of incessant questioning by alternating teams of fresh interrogators, the girl now hysterically exhausted, still refused to say anything about Murdoch; specifically, where to find him or what name he used. The questioners turned to Kolya. But Shvarz's professional ear told him that underneath the boy's truculence, Kolya told the truth: he knew nothing of Murdoch that could help locate him. Shvarz grew desperate. Murdoch had now had time to complete his mission and get away, and Shvarz had not even learned what that mission was.

Shvarz questioned the girl again, this time resorting to physical torture. As he feared, she withstood submersion in alternate baths of boiling and freezing water through repeated collapse into unconsciousness, coming closer to death each time.

For Varya, death had become a foregone conclusion, and all she could think by this time was that if it would come quickly, her torment would end that much sooner. She had passed the threshold where pain meant anything to her and she knew the worst they did to her would not break her. But she did not reckon on Shvarz's final trick.

The Red interrogator suddenly stepped out of the room, and another man took his place, who offered her a cigarette, commented sympathetically on her filthy, physically-broken appearance, and then talked to her like a father, reminding her that Murdoch was an enemy of Russia, that he had never loved her, that he had only used her and probably had another woman he was using in the same way at that moment, while she suffered needlessly for his sake.

He emphasized that Murdoch had brutally murdered a Soviet policeman in the exercise of his duty protecting the motherland, and showed her a picture of Kosuk's wife and children, bereaved by Murdoch's "brutal killing." He told her that he understood her and would try to help her, but that she mustn't get Shvarz angry. "He is a very brutal man. If you won't think of yourself, think of your young friend. He seems innocent. Think of what he will go through because you have let this enemy deceive you like a foolish woman."

As he talked on and on about Kolya and Shvarz's furious temper, Varya, exhausted and at the end of her rope, began to cry hysterically. The KGB man comforted her warmly. This was the cue for the turnabout in this stage of the interrogation.

The door burst open and Shvarz raged in shouting, two of his policemen dragging a bloody, beaten Kolya in with them.

While Kolya screamed with agony and Varya screamed with hysteria, Shvarz wired up electrodes from a transformer attached to the room cur-

rent to the boy's genitals, and the stink of seared flesh rose to Varya's nostrils. It was more than she could take. She ran screaming at Shvarz, the "kindly" officer interceded, and Shvarz "consented" to stop the torture and leave them alone—for only a few minutes. It took less than that for the sympathetic KGB man to get everything out of Varya that she knew.

After all this effort the next step came with almost incredible ease. A simple check of travel permits under the name of Murdoch's new papers, now revealed to the KGB by the distraught Varya, turned up his name almost at once, together with a scheduled seat on a train leaving for the Polish border the next day. Police met the train; found the reservations had been changed to the same train four days later. The search began in earnest to apprehend Murdoch even sooner. But Shvarz did not worry now. Sooner or later, he knew, he would get to the Western agent, and get to him in time. He had only to wait.

ON the day Varya was arrested, Murdoch and Voldonev met for the last time. Voldonev slipped him the microdots of the Khrushchev speeches, arranged for his rail passage to Poland, and told Murdoch the information he was personally waiting for.

"The man you came to Moscow with—"

"I didn't know you knew anything about him. Is he in danger?"

"Not the kind of danger you mean. He was the one who tipped you off to the KGB when you got here. He was supposed to keep track of you, and when he couldn't do it, he asked for help. He works for military intelligence, the GRU."

"I don't believe it. He's as scared of the KGB as I am. I've seen him betray Soviet agents myself," he objected. "It's impossible."

Voldonov said flatly, "It's not impossible. He's scared of KGB because they'd kill him if they caught him. KGB and GRU tell each other nothing. They don't know he's a double agent any more than you did. It has to be that way. As for anyone he gave away—it was worth it to us to get a man in as solid a position as he has. There isn't an espionage unit he's come into contact with that he hasn't sooner or later given away to us."

The second shock came when one of Varya's friends stopped him in the street.

"The police picked Varya up this afternoon. They're probably looking for you."

"Picked her up! For what?"

"I told you — they're looking for you. They got Kolya too. They're



questioned half a dozen of us and we're all scared as hell."

Murdoch's stomach dropped out at the bottom and didn't come back. He knew he ought to get out of Moscow, but the thought of Kosnetsov's betrayal and Varya in the hands of the KGB drove him to the nearest spirits shop where he bought a bottle of vodka. Four hours later and staggering through the cold, bleak slums of Moscow, a roving police squad picked him up and threw him into one of the drunk tanks which are spotted through Moscow's streets, to cope with the many citizens who, as the Russian saying puts it, have "had their hundred." The next day, the cops released Murdoch from the drying out tank without checking his papers. This may have saved his life.

Out in the streets, Murdoch was as unrecognizable and unnoticeable as any drunk; he experienced no difficulties going or coming; but his brain was not functioning well by this time. If it had, he might have reasoned that Varya would have had to talk, and that use of the travel permit was the most dangerous thing he could do. But where his brain failed, his instinct worked overtime. Instead of getting new clothes, he got a fresh bottle of vodka, because he suddenly had such forebodings of being caught he could hardly walk down the street.

The thought of sitting exposed and vulnerable in a passenger coach all the way to Poland demoralized him. Instead he by-passed the passenger station and wandered to the Moscow freight yards, more than half drunk. A kind of alcoholic clarity filled his mind and he found a freight train for the West, wedged himself into the space between the hoppers and the trucks on an ore car, and drank himself into a state of comfortable patience as he began a rattling, painstakingly slow journey to the West, hobnobbing.

Back in Moscow KGB Colonel Shvarz quietly bit the fingernails off both his hands when he learned that the train he had Murdoch scheduled to take had left and got all the way to Poland and his long-sought quarry had never shown up.

What his masterstroke could not do, however, Shvarz's methodically painstaking police work could sometimes remedy. Once again the circulars and the broadcasts went out, this time to a radius of several hundred miles in all directions, and right up to the borders of the Free World in the West. Once again they bore fruit. A shopkeeper in one Soviet railroad town reported selling vodka to a man who looked like the picture his zealous party chairman waved before his face.

Immediately Shvarz sent out orders to stress inquiries to spirits shops. Within a few days other sightings were reported. The western agent was taking a zigzag route and it was impossible to predict where he would next be seen. But the line-up generally pointed to Poland.

It never occurred to Shvarz that Murdoch would be riding the freight cars. Murdoch passed undetected through three towns of KGB men and on into Poland to the town of Rodz. It was April 1.

AT Rodz the local representative of A-Z-II, the Polish secret police, had for some reason got thorough and without orders stipulated that the various cops and military police under his command check all the freight trains that came through as well as the passenger trains. The evening of April 1st, as a train from the East stood on a siding at Rodz, three militiamen saw a shadow of a man move out from under a milk car. They gave the alarm and ran after the man but failed to find him. A cordon was thrown around the tiny junction and a methodical search begun, which yielded nothing. As the search proceeded, a second freight pulled in. It was quarantined, quickly searched, and then allowed to proceed on its way. Murdoch, who had spent the past hour dodging from hiding place to hiding place to avoid the searchers, raced for the slow moving train. He crashed into a military policeman coming in the opposite direction. Murdoch had a rock in his fist, which he smashed into the Pole's jaw, knocking him cold. Before he stuck a hand out to grab the side irons on a moving freight car, he had time to get to the MP's sub-machine gun.

East Germany and safety lay only minutes away. Murdoch was cold sober, and there was no more fear—only blind steel determination to get free. Hugging the machinegun he reached the cab of the old-fashioned Polish locomotive and startled the engineer and a 19-year-old beauty out for an illegal afternoon joy ride. Murdoch waved the gun menacingly at them. The girl screamed and wept behind the engineer's frozen body.

"Raus!" Murdoch snapped and pointed with the gun to the floor. They managed to obey and lay down on their stomachs. Murdoch worked the throttle in one hand and kept the gun on the prone figures with the other.

Murdoch poured on more speed and the train hurtled down the tracks. At the German border signals flagged them down. Murdoch rammed the throttle home and they roared into East Germany against red track signals all the way. At the border town of

Neubauer, the police had drawn a switch engine up on the tracks in front of them, less than a half mile ahead. Murdoch allowed the train to slow up slightly, then kicked the engineer and the girl.

"Raus!" he yelled and indicated them to jump. They stood stock-still in panic, so he pushed them off with the machine gun barrel. Then Murdoch jammed the throttle home, locking it there, and jumped as the freight train barreled ahead. The crash that rang into his head as he landed was multiplied to the thousandth power by the explosion as the racing freight locomotive sped into the switcher. Both locomotives exploded, the concussion striking Murdoch like a blow from a hammer. He rolled down the long embankment, as a freight car left the rails right above him and sailed over his head crashing into the ground 50 yards below.

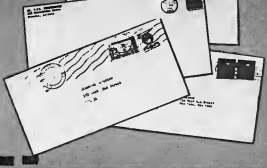
From all directions police and soldiers ran toward the site of the explosion. Murdoch ran with them, toward the place which was now lit by huge flames, slowly making his way to the edge of the crowd, and then slipped into the darkness of a row of trees at the edge of the tracks. His whole body ached with pain; he was laced with bruises, and his shoulder hurt so badly he knew he had sprained it, possibly dislocated it. Before anyone questioned him, night swallowed him up.

Frank Murdoch finally arrived in West Berlin on May 8, spirited over in a bakery truck by Neubauer friends who had hidden him since he appeared at their door just before dawn on April 2nd. American intelligence was glad to see him, surprised his mission had succeeded, more than surprised he was alive. The future would show the value of Murdoch's work: America published the text of the Khrushchev speech in June 1956, and the resultant shock through the Red world produced revolts in Hungary and Poland within a few months, and a substantial shake-up in the Kremlin a few months after them.

BUT for Murdoch the story was by no means over. He stayed in Berlin long enough to make a single full report, but continued to brood over Kosnetsov. No one had taken his word about his "partner" who worked for the Russians. An American intelligence officer put it to Murdoch frankly.

"Of course, we know Kosnetsov works with the Reds," the American said with no visible alarm. "He does that to gain their confidence. Actually, one level farther up on the scale, he's still working for us."

You Said It...



SEXY SPY SCHOOLS FOR SAM

To the Editor:

In your great story about Khrushchev's "Flower Nymph" Spy, Lydia Ungrova (BB, July), I was really gassed by the detailed info on Red Spy schools for gorgeous dames with brains—especially that course on "how to bait a sex trap." Man, I never figured women had to go to classes for that! I bet they have a nifty audio-visual aids program to make school days a pretty exciting set-up. I wonder if the CIA has anything like it?

Sam Bogner

Pass Christian, Mississippi

Mr. Bogner, you'll have to do your querying on your own. But if you find out anything, how about letting us know?—Ed.

• • •

WE BLOOM WITH PRAISE

To the Editor:

"Everybody for her choice," said the lady to the cow—and that is the way I feel about what H.W.S. said in his May letter, *Two lines on Blueline*. Now I enjoy it much more than those cheap wife-swapping stories in some magazines. In fact, I get a great chuckle out of *Blueline Special*. Of course, I found *The Death Ray that Dooms the Bomber* (May, BB) most interesting. All the stories were extra good. My only wish is there had been more. It is a good magazine.

James G. Fisher

Cape Porpoise, Maine

• • •

GROANS OF GULLIBLE GUS

To the Editor:

I've run my own pharmacy store for over 10 years and when your June BLUE BOOK was delivered to the magazine rack I immediately read the story on phony-check passing ("I've Forged My Way to a Fun-Packed \$250,000 Orgy—But . . .") because during my first five years in the business I was taken so many times with forged checks that my yearly inventory became a nightmare revelation of how much money I was literally dropping into the pockets of thieves. It gave me some satisfaction to see that con-artist Kell is now shut up in the penitentiary. Never a truer word was said when Kell remarked, "It is human gullibility that permits us to

operate." Yet I decided I'd rather be gullible and trust to people's basic honesty in spite of my bad experience. So—I still get taken for a ride.

Gus Klein

Richmond, Virginia

• • •

HANGING TOO GOOD FOR HIM?

To the Editor:

It galls me even today to think Rudolf Kastner's assassins cheated the Israeli government and Hungarian people of a good hanging. Kastner (*The WWII Judas Who Led His Nation to Mass Slaughter*, BB, July) should have swung like Eichmann. Even that would have been too good for him. What is so damn frustrating is that at the time Kastner was shot he did not seem to realize the significance of his treachery to the Hun-

garians or that he was in any way responsible for mass murder.

Jason Black

St. Louis, Missouri

We fully agree, Mr. Black. This is the irony we wished to emphasize in our story—Ed.

• • •

MARATHON MISSED THE BRIDGE

To the Editor:

Frankly, I think that story on the Peking-to-Paris auto marathon of 1907 (BB, July) was too outlandish to be true in detail. I've lived in North China and I swear it would have been impossible to get those decrepit vehicles over ancient rocky marble bridges. Like the story said they are exactly like a giant flight of stairs.

Walter Beatty

Hoboken, N.J.

If you would investigate the articles *Le Matin* published as they covered the race, you'll find the cars did just that—our author knew what he was talking about.—Ed.

• • •

FADE-OUT ON THE MAKE-OUT

To the Editor:

Maybe the author of "Whistling" Yeoman Leuter: *His Battle Girls Broke the Japs' Back on Samar* (BB, July) would like some extra information on Hoyt Leuter. We grew up in the same town. He was a great guy but kind of hard to understand. As a kid he deliberately did crazy things—like almost getting himself killed. I don't think Hoyt as I knew him cared much about life. His reckless courage to my mind proved it. And another thing—he always dug Oriental girls, so to kick off after making it with a goodlooking Filipino guerrilla girl couldn't have been such a bad way to go, eh?

Sam Lacock

Fresno, California

• • •

DIG THE INDIAN LOVE-CALL

To the Editor:

I've just discovered from *Bluebook* (July) that the good ole U.S. has got its own homebred "exotic native dancers." After viewing your scintillating Seminole squaw, Carol Hill, I decided to track her down like the passionate Yankee warrior that I am. How about another candid, in the meantime?

Ted Reinhardt

Groton, Connecticut

Go to it, Boy. You'll find her tickling the tom toms in the alligator swamps. But don't let that discourage you. You have our blessings.—Ed.



"But he tried to get me killed."

"I wouldn't be surprised but that he had authority to sell you out, Make his story more convincing, if he had to. And no one thought you would succeed. No one really thought Voldone wanted to defect. We thought it was a trap."

"And you sent me over anyway?"

"We had to find out. And it all worked out for the best, after all." The American officer ignored Murdoch's anger, and went on breezily. "Someone should have told you the job was dangerous. Myself, I'd never take an assignment like that unless I wanted to get killed."

"So you won't do anything about it?" Murdoch persisted.

"What can we do?" the officer shrugged.

Murdoch thought, "Maybe, you can't but I can, buddy."

He went out to a little bar. Almost before the first slug of whiskey hit his stomach he knew he would go to Bad Godesberg and find Kosnetsov, who had got back from Russia nearly a month before; when he found him, Murdoch would kill him.

After waiting several days at Bad Godesberg, Murdoch spotted Kosnetsov reeling out of Muller's tavern dead drunk. Murdoch was more than half drunk himself, but a cold reserve logic told him that what he could call expediency on an espionage mission he had to call murder here in the lawful West German town. Murdoch carried a German Luger pistol fitted with a Maxim silencer. He waited in the shadow of an entranceway on the deserted walk back to the NTS camp.

Soon, he heard Kosnetsov, but he had two girls with him. The sight of the husky, black-haired double-traitor exploded a trigger of anger inside Murdoch, and the only caution he had left in him tried to avoid hitting the innocent women—innocent of treason. Murdoch stepped out of his hiding place and waved the Luger, shouting to the women to get out of the way. Instead they clung to Kosnetsov and screamed wildly. Kosnetsov seemed to drop his drunkenness by reflex. Because of the two women, Murdoch withheld his fire until it was too late. Kosnetsov dived for him and got his huge hands around the American's throat. Murdoch tried to swing the pistol butt up but his arms were outside Kosnetsov's grip, and the Russian blocked the blow with his shoulder. He brought up his knee and Kosnetsov blocked it. The pistol clattered to the ground. Red lights flashed in front of Murdoch's eyes as they popped and his chest agonized for air.

From around the corner two German cops saw Kosnetsov, by now a

familiar figure to every policeman in Bad Godesberg. They didn't waste time trying to tear him off Murdoch, who by now was no longer conscious. The cops rapped their leather-covered leaden blackjacks, and one of them caught Kosnetsov at the base of his skull. A sharp sickening snap announced to everyone what happened. Kosnetsov staggered and fell like a stone. They had to pry his hands away from Murdoch's throat. Nobody noticed the pistol on the ground for a few minutes. When Murdoch came to and told his story, the cops looked at each other. They had not exactly liked Kosnetsov. The formal investigation, when it came, laid the blame for Murdoch's "provocation" on his tense mental state and called Kosnetsov's death "a regrettable accident." The two cops grinned at each other in the courtroom when they heard it.

BUT for Francis Paul Murdoch, there was no feeling of satisfaction. Deprived of his revenge, when he hit the U.S. he tore off on a monumental bender that landed him in a familiar place to him—a drying-out sanatorium. When he was released from the hospital, he started once again the long climb back. This time he stayed on it. He has since remarried and has become a mathematics teacher in an upstate New York college.

In 1962, the same year former Red general Voldonev finally made his break, Murdoch received a curious vindication.

He was visited by the same superior who had recruited him for his trip behind the Iron Curtain six years before. In the course of wrapping up consequences of his mission for Murdoch's interest, the CIA man mentioned that the truth had at last come out about Kosnetsov; a double agent many times over, his ultimate boss had turned out to be as Murdoch claimed all along, the Soviet GRU.

"How does it affect you to hear you were right after all?" the friend asked. "Kind of take a weight off, after all the years?"

"Not at all," Murdoch replied. "I don't feel a thing."

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They Ate Pilot Malmgren

(Continued from page 34)

was up eight degrees the *Italia*—weighted with ice that had formed over its rubberized fabric covering—was falling toward an ice floe at a half-yard a second.

Nobile quietly ordered the third engine started and the other two speeded up. The floe grew nearer. He then ordered one of his 15-man crew to check the stern valves. Immediately word was returned that everything was in good working order.

The only effect of the speeded-up engines was to cause the ship to fall faster.

"Stop all engines," Nobile ordered swiftly, his voice still under control. He knew there was no way to avert a crash. A fire must be prevented.

Quickly the crew braced themselves for the inevitable. Fear clutched at their stomachs. At the moment before impact, Nobile grabbed the controls himself in an attempt to bring the *Italia* down with minimum shock.

A jagged ice pack seemed to rise to meet the frail craft—less than 384 feet long and with a hydrogen gas capacity of 55,000 cubic feet. The control car struck with a great crash. Something hit the general on his head. Then, clearly, without pain, he felt an arm and leg snap.

"It's all over," he thought.

At the moment of the crash, Finn Malmgren, Swedish aerologist, was thrown forward, a sharp pain racing through his left shoulder. Radio Operator Giuseppe Biagi struck his head on the radio table, and Commander Fillippo Zappi felt his right arm crumble.

On the ice floe itself, thrown clear by the impact, three crewmen including Dr. Francis Behounek of the Wireless Institute of Prague, looked up in terror. The *Italia*, ablaze now, was nosing straight down at them, a hole in its bottom where the control cabin had been. Then, miraculously, a wind current lifted the ship before it crashed and cremated them; it swung toward the north and slowly drifted away.

There were other figures on the formless, jagged pack that stretched to the horizon. First Officer Adalberto Mariano moved drunkenly towards the wreckage. With him were Lt. Commander Alfredo Viglieri and Felici Trojani, a mechanic.

With General Nobile was his chief engineer, Natale Cecioni, a huge man who whimpered: "My leg is broken, General! My leg! It's broken!"

All eyes turned toward the *Italia*,

now looking very small as it continued to drift back in the direction of the North Pole. Six of the crew were still aboard.

"The wind will carry them a long ways," Malmgren said. "But perhaps they are better off than us."

"There is nothing to be done for them," Nobile answered. "Their fate is in the hands of God."

Malmgren's face showed utter despair.

"There is nothing to be done for us either," he said in a toneless voice. "My arm is broken."

Slowly he got to his feet. Saluting he said: "General, I thank you for the trip. I go under water."

"You have no right to do this," Nobile answered gently. "We will die when God has decided."

The Swede sat down again.

Suddenly the cheering sound of a barking dog was heard. It was Titina, the general's white and black terrier, wagging her tail and running toward the general. She had survived without a scratch.

NOBILE'S first order was for everyone able to look for salvage. Already the numbing cold was taking effect. If some sort of shelter was not found death would come in a matter of hours.

Behind an ice crag, Radioman Biagi made a grisly find. He came upon a gondola that housed the stern engine. Beside the gondola he saw the mechanic, Vincenzo Pomella, sitting motionless. Biagi was about to shout greetings when he noticed an empty look on the mechanic's face. He was dead.

The salvage was pitifully small. One tent, an emergency radio set, a box of rations and a sleeping bag containing a Colt revolver and 100 cartridges, a Vey signaling pistol and a case of matches.

Those still alive prepared for their first night in the land of the midnight sun. It was the 25th of May, 1928.

"I wonder which of us will die first," Nobile thought as he closed his eyes in an attempt to get some sleep. "I hope it is me."

Word that radio contact had been lost with the *Italia* made news in every corner of the globe. In 1926, General Nobile had piloted the *Norge*, an earlier model of the *Italia*, successfully over the North Pole. Raold Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer who had discovered the South Pole, had been in command of that

expedition. Nobile's attempt to duplicate the feat had captured everyone's imagination. In tempting death again he had made his name a household word.

The tiny emergency radio provided the slim ray of hope that the men of the *Italia* had. Biagi desperately sent out an SOS on the 55th minute of each hour. This had been the arrangement with the *City of Milan*, the *Italia*'s supply ship, waiting in King's Bay. But he received no answer to his call.

The little party of survivors began to lick their wounds. A makeshift splint was made for Cecioni's broken leg, the general's leg was bandaged with strips cut from the control car's varnished covering and it was discovered that Malmgren's arm was badly mauled rather than broken. Zappi also made the happy discovery that his arm was not broken.

Throughout the first day an icy wind blew, making it impossible for the able-bodied to continue the hunt for salvage. The wind also drove their ice floe crashing into other ice floes. It felt like they were sitting on top of an earthquake.

The men huddled together for warmth in the tiny tent. "We must trust in God," Nobile said.

That night the first meal was served. Their principal ration was pemmican, a concoction made of pulverized meat, peas, fat, onions and celery. By painfully melting fresh-water ice, a soup of a sorts was made by Malmgren. The general gave part of his share to Titina.

After finishing his portion Behounek laughed. "I experimented in Rome and made a soup like this," he said. "I offered it to my dog but he refused to eat it. Yet I can't remember when I enjoyed a meal more."

The others nodded in agreement.

The next day Biagi continued to send out his SOS. The signals went unheard but he could hear the *City of Milan*. "We imagine you are near the north coast of Spitsbergen between the 15th and 16th meridians," the supply ship's message said. "Trust in us. We are organizing help."

"We are lost," Cecioni said in despair. "They are not even looking in the right place."

The loss of the *Italia* stirred the hearts of adventurous men throughout the world. Raold Amundsen announced he would organize a search party; so did the Swedes, Russians and Finns. The United States said it was thinking of sending its own airship, the *Los Angeles*.

On the fourth day there was still no evidence that Biagi's signals were being heard. The batteries were growing

weaker. If they could not make their position known the end would become just a matter of time.

To add to their despair the strong, unceasing wind was blowing the floe southeast at about 15 miles a day. They were drifting towards Franz Josef land. It appeared as if the drift would carry them away from any possible rescue operations.

"If I must die I wish to die trying for life, not sitting here waiting for it to be taken from me," Zappi said.

Nobile looked at him sharply. "Our only hope is in staying together," he said.

But Commander Zappi was not satisfied. A thin, vigorous man with the look of a hawk on his face, he was resentful of Nobile's authority over him. Nobile was an invalid now, he reasoned, and thought only of himself.

That night Zappi, accompanied by Mariano this time, approached Nobile with a plan. They proposed that four of the strongest attempt a march toward Cape North. They argued that it was their only hope.

"We can send rescuers in the right direction," Zappi said.

"I think they are right, General," Malmgren said. "If one of us gets through, rescue is possible."

Cecioni, lying helpless alongside the General, began to cry.

"They mustn't be allowed to go," he shouted between sobs. "They can't be allowed to abandon two helpless men like that. If I didn't have a broken leg I'd take the general on my back."

"Wait a few days," Nobile answered calmly. Then he turned his attention to the sobbing giant alongside him. "If things become desperate the others will have to go. I will take care of you."

Biagi continued to send his SOS. The results—negative.

But Zappi and Mariano felt they couldn't wait a few days. They continued to push their plan of the forced march. The map was examined. They were near Foyt Island, 100 miles from Cape North, Malmgren, the only one who had experience hiking over Arctic wastes, estimated they could make six miles a day, nine when they reached land. Nobile promised to give the plan consideration.

THE next day Zappi woke the sleeping group early with startling news. "There's a bear," he said in a low voice.

"Give me the pistol!" Malmgren said. "I'm going to kill it."

Quietly he crept out on the ice. Those that could, followed, all armed with some crude weapon. The general

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smothered Titina to his chest so she wouldn't bark.

The polar bear was 50 yards from the tent, sitting placidly and staring at them as they approached. Malmgren inched to within 15 yards of it and raised the Colt slowly. The others held their breath—a successful kill might mean survival. The shot rang out in the crisp, clear air sounding like a crack of thunder.

The bear turned and ran clumsily across the floe. Two more shots were fired. It ran a few more steps and fell dead.

The kill meant 450 pounds of fresh meat. That night bear stew—chunks of half raw bear meat swimming in a kind of gravy—was served. To the men's surprise they preferred the pemmican but they ate with good-natured grumbling.

The next morning Zappi again began talking about the march for help.

"If you want to go, I have no objections," Nobile said in a resigned manner.

Zappi wasted no time. By mutual consent three would go on the march—himself, Mariano and Malmgren. The pemmican was shared and the marchers were given a blanket, two bottles of gasoline, half the alcohol from the compasses and three pairs of ski socks.

"I will come back to look for you

myself with Swedish airplanes," Malmgren promised Nobile before he left.

"They must also search for those with the ship," Nobile answered. "They must not be forgotten."

It was the first time since the *Italia* crashed that anyone had openly expressed hope that the six men trapped aboard the *Italia* as she floated away might still be alive.

The marchers were given letters by their comrades they were leaving behind. In each case it was a last will and testament.

"Perhaps it is God's will that we shall embrace each other again one day," Nobile wrote to his wife. "That will be like a miracle. If not, don't mourn my death but be proud of it."

The goodbyes were brief. "God go with you," the general shouted as the trio waved a last salute.

On their tenth day, June 3, Biagi was still faithfully sending out his distress signals. The bear meat assured them of food for some time more but the men's spirits were low. Nobile then made another decision. He decided that the four able-bodied men who had decided to stay with him and Cecioni must also be given their chance at life. If help did not come within four days he would order the four to also try and march out of this frozen wasteland.

Gently he explained his plan to Cecioni. But this time the big man did not protest. He had become reconciled to the idea of death. He accepted his fate.

All the others agreed with the exception of Behounek.

"I don't know why you ask me this," he said sharply. "I've come here with you and I'm not going away without you."

On the evening of June 6, they had exhausted themselves of words and—except for Biagi at the radio—lay in the stupor of hopelessness. Suddenly Biagi leaped to his feet.

"They've heard us," he cried.

The others began to scream but Biagi quickly shushed them. "I can't hear the dispatch," he warned.

Writing as fast as he could he copied the text of the dispatch.

A Russian farmer from Archangel had picked up fragments of their SOS on the evening of June 3rd. The Russian Embassy had notified the Italian Government and their exact position had been handed over.

The tent became a scene of wild joy. Some of the men hugged each other while others cried out of happiness. Titina, sensing the excitement, barked enthusiastically.

"Now we can hope," the general said and ordered extra rations to celebrate. "If the others had only had more faith in the radio."

The celebration proved to be premature. The Italian Government decided the message was a hoax, for no understandable reason. They simply paid no attention to the information given them.

The let-down had its consequences. Even the energetic Biagi had to be badgered to continue sending his signals.

All the next day he transmitted with no results. Over and over he sent the same message: "SOS *Italia*, Nobile, longitude 28 degrees east, about 20 miles from the northeast coast of Spitsbergen."

Then, their 16th day on the ice, an answer finally came. "The City of Milan heard you well this morning," the message read, "and has received your coordinates."

Their joy knew no bounds. Cecioni tearfully embraced Nobile.

"It is to you we owe our lives, General," he said speaking for the group. "Without you we would all have perished."

Nobile was too overcome by emotion to answer.

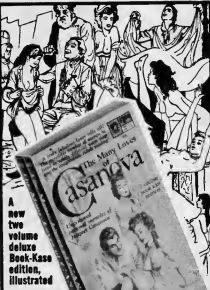
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lifted out of this nightmare dashed, he began to cry.

"I have my orders," the Swede answered. "I must take you first. Our base is not far from here. Then I will come back for the others."

The Swede was obstinate. He would not listen to Nobile. Then he pointed out that Cecioni was too large to be evacuated now. If he were put in the plane his mechanic would have to be left behind. This he refused to do.

"On the next trip I will fly here alone," he said. "Then we will fly out whomever you wish."

Finally the general agreed. He was lifted into the plane and within moments they were airborne. As he looked back at the ice floe where he had spent 31 days he couldn't find the tent at first. It was almost invisible against the all-embracing white.

Less than an hour later the Swedish pilot again landed on the floe for the second time. But a freak accident caused the plane to overturn on landing and once again there were six men on the floe. To make matters worse it was the only ski-equipped plane the Swedes had.

As soon as Nobile heard of the accident he insisted on being flown to the *City of Milan*. The Swedes obliged him.

The deck of the supply ship was crowded with cheering sailors. Photographers and newsreel men begged the general to pose but he just waved them aside.

Captain Romagna of the *City of Milan* greeted Nobile in a shocking manner. "People might criticize you for coming first," he said curtly.

Nobile told him he did not understand. Why should he be criticized? "I know nothing of orders to take you off first," Romagna said.

When Nobile saw the papers he was concerned even more. He was being soundly denounced for "deserting his men."

Also the news of many of the men attempting to rescue the crew of the *Italia* was bad. Amundsen was lost. A Russian aviator was also lost and a group who had left by dog team hadn't been heard from.

Because of the crash of the Swedish pilot it was decided that the landing field on the floe was unsafe and another means of rescue was sought. Nobile felt the mishap had been caused by bad luck and implored Romagna to try an airlift with Italian planes. Romagna refused, saying it was too dangerous.

"I see no sense in needlessly risking lives," he told Nobile.

Now the general understood why the Italians were moving so slowly. It was Romagna's snail's-pace leader-

ship and there was nothing he could do about it. His men had trusted him—believed that once he was at the helm of things their rescue would be just a matter of days. But since he had been plucked off the floe things had gotten worse.

The general decided on a plan of action. Rescue must come from the sea, he decided. He put all his hopes on the Russian ice-breaker *Krassin*, now temporarily blocked by ice but within striking distance. He sent off a wire to the Russians. It began: "All our hopes are centered on the *Krassin*."

The Russians, spurred on by the message from Nobile, broke out of the ice barrier and headed north. The weather was worsening and already the first fogs were closing in.

From the ice floe urgent messages came in daily signed by Vigliani, who had taken over command of the camp.

"Need help soon. Weather closing in," one message said.

"Have we been abandoned?" another message asked.

Nobile wrung his hands in despair. Romagna had made him a virtual prisoner aboard the *City of Milan* and had even denied him permission to be flown to the Russians.

"You are in no condition to continue the search," he told the general coldly in turning down his request.

On July 10 a plane from the fog-bound *Krassin* sent back an electrifying word to the mother ship: "Malmgren!"

The pilot radioed that he saw two men standing on a tiny floe surrounded by water. As he circled, one of them made a message in rags: "No Food." The pilot then radioed their position to the *Krassin*.

The *Krassin* plunged boldly ahead in the dangerous waters. The ship's captain offered 100 rubles to the first man who sighted the Malmgren party.

On July 12 at 7 A.M. the 100 rubles was won by the first mate, who was standing on the bridge. He saw two men on an ice floe 20 by 45 feet. Shouting, the Russians raced towards the two men. One was waving at them madly. The other was lying on the ice.

The tall man was Zappi. He was taken on board first and immediately asked: "Where's the Malmgren?" He just pointed vaguely in the distance. He was wearing three wrist watches and in his pocket he had two compasses. He wore two snow suits and parts of a third. He also wore two pairs of shoes.

The man lying on the floe was Mariano. He was almost dead and had no shoes, only wet stockings.

Knowing they were near the other survivors of the *Italia* the Russians

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pushed on as soon as the two were aboard, questioning Zappi about the whereabouts of Malmgren. Zappi was vague. When they told him they must have more exact information he shouted hysterically, "He stayed on the ice." Waving his arms wildly he said that Malmgren knew he was going to die and begged the two Italians to dig him a grave. The Italians had obliged and Malmgren took off his clothes and lay in the grave. They left him and continued their march but in 24 hours they made only 100 yards. Looking back, Zappi said, they saw Malmgren raise his head from his ice-grave and shout:

"Go, go!" he cried. "At the price of my life, you'll save all!"

The Russians listened skeptically. They didn't believe Zappi and Mariano was in no condition to be questioned. Though he claimed he hadn't eaten in 13 days an examining doctor said it was more like three days. Something terrible had happened. But what?

A clue came from Zappi's own mouth when he had eaten, and rested. He told the Russians that only a few days before they had been picked up, Mariano—like Malmgren—thought he was going to die. So he had taken off his clothes and told Zappi: "When I die, you can eat me. But not before."

Suddenly the fate of Malmgren

became clear: he had been eaten.

A wave of revulsion swept over the world as news of what had been told was sent by radio. Nobile shuddered and wept when he heard. He felt the disgrace of what is rumored to have happened on his shoulders.

Zappi later denied that he had done such a thing but he was never able to satisfactorily explain what had happened to the third man in his party. A search was made for Malmgren's body but it was never found. Mariano refused to talk about the incident.

On the evening of June 12, a look-out on the ice-breaker spotted an overturned plane next to a tiny tent on a distant floe. The ship blew its whistle furiously and with binoculars men could be seen jumping up and down and hugging each other.

Within two hours the five castaways and the Swedish pilot Lundborg were aboard the *Krassin*. For five of the men rescue had come 49 days from the time the *Italia's* control cabin had been ripped from the dirigible.

The last one aboard was the radio operator Biagi. Before leaving he had sent a last message to the *City of Milan*: "Greeting to our beloved General Nobile."

The general was overjoyed at the news. He immediately wired the Russians to press on and hunt for the lost dirigible.

The Russian captain decided to ask Zappi's advice on where to look. Zappi said any further search was ridiculous.

"I consider the airship destroyed with all aboard," he said with certainty.

The *Krassin* turned around and the search for the six men with the *Italia* was abandoned forever.

There were others who were lost too. Raold Amundsen was never seen again. But the Russian aviator and the Italian dog sled team were found safe.

The thought of abandoning his six men to their fate was more than Nobile could bear. He wired Rome and asked permission to continue the search for his six missing crew. Permission was denied. Sadly Nobile made preparations to go home.

Throughout the world he was depicted as the commander who insisted on being rescued first and who abandoned six of his crew to certain death. The Swedish pilot Lundborg tried to defend the broken hearted Nobile by telling the true circumstances of the rescue. But no one would listen. It wasn't as good as the erroneous story.

Only in Italy was Nobile received as a hero. Only there was he believed and looked upon as the possessor of a name that best described his character: noble.

Peacetime Yank Enslaved

(Continued from page 37)

dangled in grass woven slings.

Kramer was now positive. "Zanryusha?" he asked.

A corner of the thin lips pulled back. "I am Captain Kiyoshi Yanoda," he announced stiffly, "of the Japanese Imperial Army." He glanced toward James, then back to Kramer. "And both of you are my prisoners."

"Prisoners!" James bellowed. "The war's been over seven years. He faced Kramer. "What the hell's he yakking about, Doug? What goes on?"

Kramer took one step forward, and the Jap alongside him slapped the barrel of his rifle across his stomach.

"I repeat," Yanoda clipped. "You are my prisoners, and you will do as ordered. Hands on head."

Kramer and James exchanged stunned glances, slowly brought their hands to their head. Off to one side, one of the Japs was dragging the dead Felipe into the bush.

"March!" Yanoda barked. Rifle barrels prodded their backs. Half pushed, they stumbled forward.

Kramer had guessed right. Their captors were *zanryusha*, the name tagged to those Japanese soldiers who had refused to surrender to Allied troops at the end of World War II. Through ignorance or defiance, thousands of these hold-outs, had taken to the Philippine jungles, convinced that eventually their Emperor would take the necessary steps to effect their rescue.

THE circumstances surrounding Captain Kiyoshi Yanoda's group were not untypical. A graduate of a Japanese Army school in guerilla warfare, Yanoda and 120 hand-picked jungle soldiers were dispatched to Mindoro island in October, 1944, some two months prior to General MacArthur's invasion of the Philippines. Their mission: to sabotage American installations, particularly air strips.

Two months later, at the American base at San Jose, the group was taken by surprise and cut to pieces. Only six men, including Yanoda, got away. When the war ended, the stragglers were established along the timbered slopes of Mount Ayamitan, having salvaged tools and general stores besides their weapons and ammo.

Throughout the first year following Japan's surrender, U. S. planes dropped leaflets throughout the Philippines. Hold-outs were instructed to come forward. Many complied. Yanoda didn't. Before being dispatched to Mindoro, his superiors had told him that al-

though an American invasion of the Philippines was inevitable, Japan would go on fighting for 20 years if necessary.

Eight years later, in June 1952, Yanoda firmly believed that Japan still fought on. This faith was never to be shaken.

On reaching the *zanryusha* camp, some 2,500 feet above sea level, Kramer and James were hustled into a small lean-to made of split bamboo and placed under guard. Nearby were two other similar shacks, and a somewhat larger one made of logs and chinked with mud. Kramer, a former captain in the Army Engineers, had spent four years in Tokyo after the war as a civilian advisor on reconstruction with the Army of occupation, and spoke Japanese reasonably well. At intervals, he tried engaging their Jap guard in conversation, but the man remained sullenly silent.

James, still foggy from the rifle butt blow, shook his head groggily. "What next?" he said repeatedly. "What in the hell happens next?"

The answer came when one of Yanoda's men, Sgt. Akuta, dark complexioned and muscular, bullied into the shack. He pointed to their shoes and clothes and barked something in Japanese.

James turned to Kramer. "What's he after?"

"The works," Kramer replied. "Shirt, shoes, socks, wristwatches—everything but our pants."

"Not the watch," James growled. "It's a gift from my wife." Facing Akuta, James pointed to his watch, shook his head. "No watch, you bastard," he snapped. "Anything else, okay."

Akuta's expressionless eyes barely flickered as he jerked the butt of his rifle up and punched it smartly into James' groin. Groaning, James dropped to his knees and rolled over on his back.

That same afternoon, Captain Yanoda had them both brought to his own quarters. Yanoda had discarded his sandals for Kramer's boots, and Akuta was wearing James'. Shortly after, Yanoda interrogated Kramer in Japanese.

Patiently, Kramer told the Japanese that he and James were not American spies but a surveying team hired by the Philippine government to check a projected road site across the mountains.

"Lies!" Yanoda shouted. "Filthy lies." Snatching up a short length of bamboo, he shook it threateningly in front of Kramer's face. "The war is

not over," he shrieked. "Japan fights on!"

They were brought back to the shack; the armed guard was resumed. The hours passed. Toward dusk they were given two yams each, a bit of cooked corn and a battered tin can filled with water.

The yams and corn, as Kramer correctly guessed, came from a small cultivated patch he had spotted behind Yanoda's cabin. There was also a pen just beyond their own shack that held a sizable number of squealing pigs.

"It's just possible they may have dealings with some mountain tribe," Kramer remarked when they finished off the last of the food. "Those pigs came from some place, and they'd need seed to grow their yams and corn."

"Could be," James agreed moodily, "but where does that put us?"

"Can't say," Kramer replied, "but it's something to think about."

THE following morning, three of Yanoda's men, equipped with short-

The following morning, three of Yanoda's men, equipped with short-handled axes, chopped down some bamboo saplings. By dusk, a pair of large bamboo cages were just about completed, measuring about eight feet long, eight high and five across. The thick bamboo poles that formed the four sides and the roof were spaced about nine inches apart. The following morning the roofs were covered with a layer of nipa palms and soon afterwards, under gun point, Kramer and James were forced into their individual cages. The bamboo doors were padlocked behind them.

For the first five minutes James rattled the bars and kicked and banged away without pause. From his own cage about 15 feet away, Kramer tried to quiet him down, but without success. Suddenly Sgt. Akuta appeared. Marching up to James' cage, he paused, a thick length of bamboo gripper in his right hand.

Bellowing defiance, James gave the bars another violent shake. Akuta swung, the bamboo club cracking across the knuckles of James' left hand.

Groaning, James fell to one knee. Akuta waited, his thin lips twisted into a sneer as he tapped the bamboo against his open palm. When James didn't move, the Jap gave a contemptuous grunt and strode back toward his quarters.

Slowly, James raised his head and faced Kramer. "Someday I'm going to kill that bastard," he said grimly, "or die trying."

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coming.

Kramer came to hack in camp, with Captain Yanoda standing over him. "Pig," he snapped. "I've heen more than fair, and in return you attempt to talk my men against me. You would never succeed, but such arrogance must be properly punished."

Kramer was marched to a nearby swamp and lashed by his wrists to the overhead branch of a *narra* tree. Huge leeches crawled up his trouser legs, his hack and arms. Before long his flesh was pierced in scores of places. Yanoda let Kramer hang a full half hour before cutting him down, then marched him back to camp without giving him a chance to pry the parasites loose.

Once back in his cage, it took Kramer 20 minutes to rip the leeches from his arms, chest and back. When he was finished, his body was a mass of purple, bloody welts. Minutes later he felt the juices rising in his stomach. Scooping out some earth, he sagged to his knees. He was sick for a long time.

AT the end of their first month of imprisonment, there were little grounds for hope. Kramer and James had no chance of cooperating on a plan of escape, and they wouldn't dare try it individually, knowing that Yanoda would kill the other without hesitation.

Meanwhile, Sgt. Akuta baited James at every opportunity, slapping out at him with a bamboo club whenever James slowed down.

"I know he wants me to take the first swing," James told Kramer through the bars one night. "And God knows I want to, but I'd be giving him the perfect excuse to take me apart."

Kramer agreed, but whispered back, "Nothing stands still forever, I don't know where, how or when, but a situation has a way of changing. Things do happen."

Kramer was right. Four days after their talk the Mangyans showed up.

There were seven women and three men in the group. Aside from brief sarongs wrapped about their waists, the women were naked. Thick, black hair hung in simmering tresses to their hips. A native mountain people, the Mangyans had little or no contact with the island's coastal villages. Pagans, their tribal laws allowing them the freest kind of sexual behavior.

This particular tribe had been sending groups to Yanoda's camp on a periodic basis over the past six years. As Kramer originally suspected, it was the Mangyans who had supplied Yanoda with seeds and the pigs, trading them off for tools and other gear from Yanoda's original stores. It was

a practical, working arrangement, and Yanoda was cunning enough not to use force to obtain what he wanted. Instead, he taught Sgt. Akuta how to distill the juice of the nipa palm into a fermented brew. The potent drink became Yanoda's number one trade item. After a few snorts, the Mangyans were putty in his hands. The reaction on the native women was just as profitable. Uninhibited to begin with, the trading sessions always wound up in an orgiastic free-for-all.

Soon after their arrival, the Mangyans clustered about Kramer's and James' cages. The women showed the greatest curiosity. Giggling, they jabbered away in dialect. A bit later, when the trading began, one of the girls hung back and approached Kramer's cage.

She was about 19, slender waisted, her youthful breasts generously curved. Fascinated by Kramer's long blond hair, she reached through the bars to touch it. Kramer grinned and moved closer. He wasn't against striking up a friendship. Her finger tips brushed his hair, moved alongside his beard, then drew back. Kramer questioned her in Tagalog, found out her name was Lakka. She asked for a bit of his hair.

"Why?" Kramer asked.

"The color is like the sun," she replied. "It will bring Lakka good luck."

A sudden thought flashed through Kramer's mind. She could have the hair, he told her, but he'd need a knife to cut it off with. She shook her head. She had no knife with her. Suddenly she smiled. She would borrow one of the men's. Kramer grabbed her arm.

"No," he whispered. "It must be cut with *your* knife, or the hair's magic power will not work for you."

"Then I will bring my knife next time," she replied eagerly.

Kramer nodded. "But you must tell me one. It must be *our* secret."

A moment later one of the men called out to her. Scrambling to her feet, she flashed Kramer a quick smile, then ran off to join the others.

By morning the Mangyans had departed and the camp was back to normal. Late that same night Kramer told James about the girl and the knife.

James wasn't very enthused. "They're not much more than savages," he said listlessly. "The fact she made a promise doesn't mean a thing. Chances are she may never even come back."

Kramer knew James could easily be right about the girl. It really wasn't anything to depend on.

James out on a work detail, when a rifle shot split the silence. Kramer was on his feet instantly, filled with an inner sense of dread. Minutes later Akuta showed up, dragging James behind him by one leg. There wasn't too much left of James' face, mostly a bloody smear where the bullet had ripped through his mouth and out the back of his skull.

For the next ten minutes Kramer screamed, cursed, beat his fists against the bars until they streamed blood. Gradually, a sobering calmness came over him. He called for Captain Yanoda.

Yanoda offered a terse explanation. James had attempted to overwhelm Akuta, had brought it on himself.

Kramer nodded slowly and requested permission to bury his friend.

The next week was a blurry fog. He now did James' work as well as his own. At night he could barely drag himself back to his cage. Yanoda had also made a final threat. One more outburst by Kramer, against any of his men, and he'd be shot instantly.

Kramer's thoughts now turned toward escape. With James dead he was free to act. It was the only choice left him. From Captain Yanoda he knew he could expect no change in attitude. The man was hopelessly deranged, beyond reach.

Kramer had no exact plan. Then, toward the end of that week the Mangyans were back.

Eagerly Kramer spotted the girl Lakka. At first she stayed away, but when the trading and drinking began, she slipped to the side of his cage, her large, dark eyes eager bright.

"The knife?" Kramer whispered.

Reaching under her sarong she withdrew a bone-handled eight-inch knife, and passed it through the bars to him. Quickly, Kramer sliced off a lock of hair and placed it in the girl's open palm. When she reached for the knife, Kramer shook his head. If the hair was to bring her luck, he explained, it was necessary to give something in return. He was willing to accept the knife.

The exchange notion appealed to her. She agreed quickly, then touched the bambo bars wonderingly. "Why do they keep you in this?" she asked. She nodded in the direction of Yanoda and his men. "They say white men work bad magic and must be kept locked in cage. Is that so?"

Kramer shook his head. "They lie." She gave him a meaningful look. "Keep Lakka's knife," she whispered. "I will tell no one."

When she left, Kramer scooped out some earth and buried the knife. That evening, as the Japs and Mangyans squatted around the fire, he got it out

TWO weeks later the inevitable happened. Kramer was in his cage.

again and chipped crude, serrated teeth into its cutting edge by striking it with a wedge-shaped stone. He decided to make his bid for freedom that night, during the sex orgy that followed the feasting and the drinking. He knew he would never have a better moment.

As the shadows thickened, Kramer started sawing on one of the bamboo bars. An hour later, he had it almost cut through, so started a new cut about 15 inches above the first.

Moments later he heard footsteps. He let the knife fall and rolled on top of it. It turned out to be Pvt. Rikyo. Kramer feigned sleep. The Jap glanced in at him briefly, then headed back for the fire. Kramer didn't move for a full ten minutes. Around this time one of the Mangyans started to pound his drum. Soon a second joined in. Two of the women leaped to their feet, their hips grinding to the quickening beat. Picking up his knife, Kramer went back to work.

It was getting darker now, and with the drums pounding Kramer wasn't too worried about being heard. Soon afterwards the drums reached a crescendo beat, then suddenly broke off. There were screams of laughter, the slap of bare, running feet. One of the Mangyan women threw aside her sarong as she ran past Kramer's cage. Just behind, one of the Japs bore down. Other shadowy forms dashed past, disappearing into the thick bush.

Kramer waited a few minutes, then grasped the partially sawed through bamboo pole in both hands. A slight twist and it came away. Kramer waited a moment. Silence. He tucked the knife inside his pants. The opening in the cage was about 20 inches across. It was a tight squeeze, but Kramer wriggled his way through and out.

For several moments he remained flat on his stomach. There was no one at the fire. A burst of female laughter came from Yanoda's shack, then silence. Crawling on his elbows and stomach, Kramer reached the edge of the camp clearing. A bit more and he was in the bush. Quickly, he scrambled to his feet.

The sky was clustered with stars. Kramer darted through a patch of knee-high grass, toward a trail that led to the lower slope. Half-way there he heard a thrash in the grass just ahead. As Kramer skittered to a halt, a chunky figure suddenly blocked his way. A second later he heard Sgt. Akuta's yell of surprise.

Kramer's knife was already out as the Jap made his lunge. He aimed for the groin and drove the blade in with all of his strength. Shrieking with pain, Akuta spilled over on his back, Kra-

mer going with him. Kramer still gripped the knife. Giving it a full turn, he sliced across, ripped the blade up, back, then down again.

Kramer didn't stop until he heard the screams of the Mangyan woman as she fled back toward camp. Jerking the knife from the disembowelled corpse, Kramer took off—and kept running throughout all that night and well into the morning.

TWICE that morning, Kramer spotted Pvt. Rikyo and another Jap, Cpl. Okaso, searching about the slopes, although they didn't show much interest in what they were doing. On another occasion he saw Captain Yanoda with one of the Mangyan men. By the afternoon, however, the search parties withdrew, and Kramer concluded that they no longer believed he was in the area. By evening, his ankle, sprained during the previous night's dash, was still extremely swollen. At best he could just hobble about. Before bedding down he nibbled at a banana, washed it down with some coconut milk. For hours he tossed and turned. Finally, along about dawn, sheer exhaustion overwhelmed him.

About noon he awoke feverish and thirsty. He finished off what was left of the coconut juice but the thirst remained. A fitful period of dozing followed. He was lying that way when he heard voices. Gripping his knife he went to the mouth of the cave, peered out. Yanoda and another Jap were on a slight rise, about 30 yards to Kramer's left. They pointed off below, kept jabbering away. Seconds later they dropped to a low crouch and moved out of Kramer's line of vision.

Kramer waited several minutes before crawling out. The thick patch of *coron* grass offered excellent cover, cautiously, he wormed his way to the edge of the slope and peered down. At first he saw nothing but rolling green jungle. Suddenly, through a break, he spotted the advancing figures of the girl Lakka and a small group of khaki clad men, members of the Philippine Constabulary. They were not too far off and were climbing steadily. Miraculously, the Filipino girl had brought aid.

Carefully, Kramer raised his head. Yanoda and his men could be planning an ambush.

He didn't hesitate. He had to reach the group before they came within possible gun range. Pain stabbed up his leg as he scrambled down in a kind of crabwise gait. Toward the bottom he lost control completely and ended up in a heap. As he pulled himself up on one knee he found himself staring into the barrel of Rikyo's rifle. There was an uncertain, wavering look

to the Jap's eyes, and the rifle was far from steady.

"No more shooting, Rikyo," Kramer said evenly.

Rikyo's eyes continued to flicker. Gradually, the rifle barrel slanted downwards. Kramer nodded, started to get up, when the first shot banged out. A moment later Captain Yanoda charged from the bush, waving the .45 he had taken originally from Kramer. He let out a yell, squeezed off two more wild shots. Rikyo shrieked, toppled, his rifle clattering to the ground. Kramer dove, his hands closing over Rikyo's rifle. Earth spewed alongside his head, then pain spurred up his right arm. Kramer hung on, fired from a prone position. Yanoda's hands flew to his throat, blood spouting from between his fingers.

Within seconds the rescue party had surged forward to Kramer's side.

BOTH Kramer and Rikyo's wounds were superficial, and after emergency treatment they were moved out to San Jose. With Yanoda dead, the three remaining holdouts quickly surrendered when convinced by Rikyo that they were in no danger. Soon afterwards they were returned to Japan after a brief processing.

Upon final recovery, Kramer returned to the scene of his ordeal and supervised the exhuming of James' body for shipment back to his family in the States. During this trip, Kramer went to the Mangyan village, his two pack mules loaded with gifts of cloth, tools, utensils and other stores for Lakka and her family.

In the year since, reports on *zan-ryusha* in the Philippines continue to come in. As recent as 1959 seven people on the island of Lubang met violent death at the hand of these holdouts.

Kramer, meanwhile, has remained in the Philippines, has already helped put four new roads across some of Mindoro's worst mountains, and plans others. Fortunately, he has had no further experiences with Jap holdouts.

"Once is enough," Kramer says. "And I needed the first one like a hole in the head."

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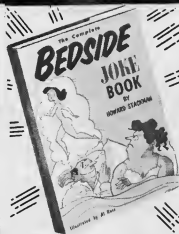


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